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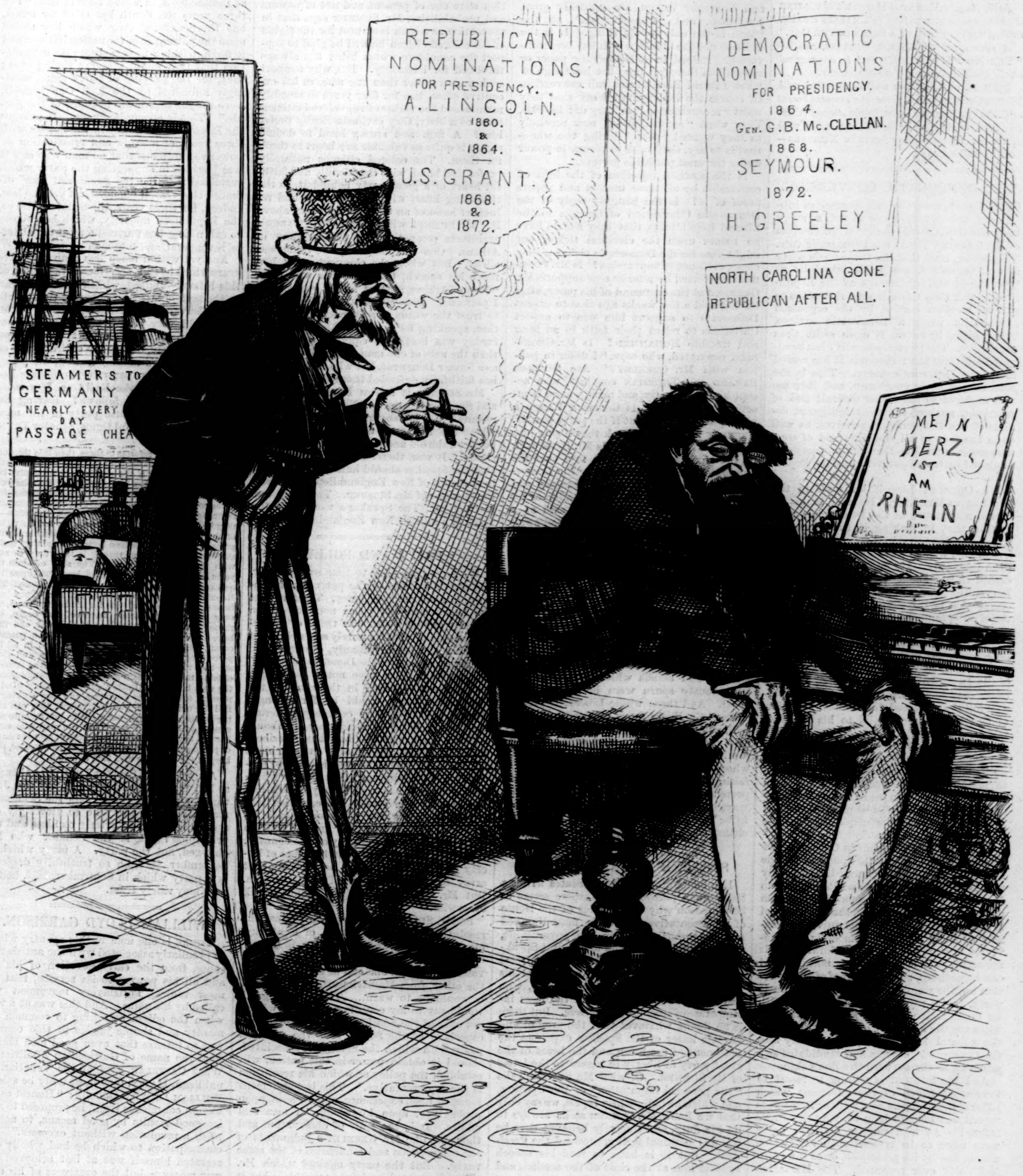
REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENCY.
A. LINCOLN. 1860. & 1864.
U.S. GRANT. 1868. & 1872.
DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS FOR PRESIDENCY.
1864. GEN. G. B. Mc. CLELLAN.
1868. SEYMOUR.
1872. H. GREELEY
NORTH CAROLINA GONE REPUBLICAN AFTER ALL.
STEAMERS TO GERMANY NEARLY EVERY DAY PASSAGE CHEA
MEIN HERZ IST AM RHEIN
Th. Nast

CARL IS "DISGUSTED WITH AMERICAN POLITICS."—*Frankfort Gazette.*

Uncle Sam. "LOOK HERE, STRANGER, THERE IS NO LAW IN THIS COUNTRY TO COMPEL YOU TO STAY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 24, 1872.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Sixth Part of

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This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to Harper's Weekly.

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In the August Number of Harper's Magazine *is commenced a* new novel *by* Charles Reade, *entitled* "A Simpleton: A Story of the Day."

A new novel by Wilkie Collins, *entitled* "The New Magdalen," *will be commenced in the October Number of the* Magazine.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* Harper's Magazine *from the commencement of* Charles Reade's *story, in the August Number*, 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November*, 1873—*making* Sixteen Numbers—for Four Dollars.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVERSION.

THE gentlemen who call themselves Liberal Republicans know as well as every body else that the sole chance of the election of Mr. Greeley lies in the Democratic vote. They know, also, that the Democratic party is well organized, and holds principles as pronounced and distinctive as the Republican. But they think it very ridiculous to call an election carried by the organized Democratic party a Democratic success. Their logic, however, is more swift than conclusive. The Democratic party has nominated Mr. Greeley; therefore it has ceased to be the Democratic party. This is the reasoning of these gentlemen, and they are now engaged in the rather difficult task of asserting, against the most indignant denials of the Democrats themselves, as well as in the face of all the facts and of common-sense, that the Democratic party has vanished by transfiguration into the Republican.

Mr. Greeley himself leads off in this hopeless undertaking. He said in his informal acceptance of the Democratic nomination that in making it the Democrats were more Democratic than ever in taking a man who was no less thoroughly a Republican than ever. He implied that they had ceased to be "sham" Democrats, as he has long called them, and had become real Democrats—that is, Republicans. And in his letter of acceptance he says that Democracy is not now to stand for one thing and Republicanism for another. But Mr. Greeley can only speak for himself; and when he says that he is as thorough a Republican as ever, if the Democrats agree with him, it is because they have been converted. Mr. Sumner follows. Indeed, the stoutest assertion of this theory is essential to his position, which otherwise is most lamentable. He says in his letter to the colored citizens that the Democrats "have accepted the Cincinnati platform......and intend in good faith to maintain it. Democrats can not turn back." And again, in his letter to the Speaker, "The Democrats will be pledged as never before to the ruling principle that all men are equal before the law."

So the Liberal Republican Committee of Massachusetts declare in their address, "The Democratic party has changed......To deny that it means to adhere to what it says is to suppose it to be guilty of a public fraud such as was never perpetrated in the country, and is never likely to be." This universal anxiety to show that the Democrats are converted is significant. The painful effort is apparent, indeed, but there is nothing, and can be nothing, stated in proof of the assertion but the simple fact that the Democratic party, in its regular convention, and with its organization perfect, knowing that its votes are the sole hope of Mr. Greeley and the Liberal Republicans, deliberately uses the Cincinnati platform and candidates as a garment, as the ass used the lion's skin.

And Mr. Sumner is willing to resort to that most feeble of the questions which Liberal Republicans ask, "If the Democrats repent and offer to help us, why should we refuse?" As if a ratting political party were more to be trusted than that which stands fast by its principles, or as if a political party ever repented. The Massachusetts address really seems to suppose that there is no gospel so sacred as the platform of a political convention, and to imagine that party action is strictly governed by it. In 1852 the Whig and Democratic parties each solemnly "resolved" that the slavery agitation was finally and conclusively and forever settled by the compromise of 1850, and must never be renewed. Nobody believed the Whig party, and it was annihilated. And the moment the Democrats saw their victory they repealed the Missouri compromise, and began to force slavery into Kansas.

But this is a subject upon which the Democrats may be supposed to know quite as much as the Liberal Republicans; and nothing is more amusing than to hear the *World* and other papers solemnly declare that they are not converted, and the *Tribune* anxiously responding, "Oh yes, you are; you know you are." Every reader of the two papers sees the only difference to be that the *World* daily frets and sneers at the Greeley yoke, but is as steadily Democratic as ever, while to the *Tribune* Mr. Doolittle and Mr. Bayard, and Mr. Thurman and Governor Vance, are suddenly great statesmen, and "Conservatism" at the South is the only lovely thing. It is the *Tribune*, not the *World*, which has been converted. Indeed, in no Democratic paper or speech has there yet been the least sign of what Liberal Republicans call conversion. Of course the Democrats all say that they want "reconciliation," as they did in 1868. They want "reconciliation" now precisely as they wanted "peace" during the war—that is to say, they wish to return to power under the most plausible pretext.

Is the scornful rejection of the idea of conversion by all these orators and papers proof of it? Is the haughty reply of the Democratic Convention of Georgia to the Liberal Republicans that they should have no names upon the electoral ticket, but might vote for the Democratic ticket if they chose, evidence of conversion? Is Mr. Voorhees converted because he now supports Mr. Greeley at the command of his party, after having said a few weeks ago that to expect Democrats to support him was to expect Christians to reject their faith in an hour and worship Mohammed? Is Mr. Groesbeck converted, who says, "I differ in politics with Mr. Greeley?" Are Senators Bayard and Thurman converts, who accept him reluctantly, and remain more Democratic than ever? Is Governor Vance a proselyte, who says that if the party put Mr. Greeley in the hymn-book they'll sing him through if it kills them? Is Mr. Beck even on the anxious seat when he says that the nomination of Mr. Greeley by the Democracy is simply a matter of expediency and policy? And the Democratic candidate for Congress in Illinois, who lately said at a meeting of the "coalition" that he had swallowed four millions of negroes, and he could swallow Greeley now, and having accepted the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, he was ready to accept the sixteenth when it should come—is he converted too? And when—heaven save the mark!—when Mr. Fernando Wood gravely observes that "all good men are united upon Greeley and Brown," is he also a St. Paul?

Mr. Sumner, in what seems to us his blind fury against the President, is swept into assertions and beliefs which he would contemptuously spurn were he in a calmer mood. And those whose Liberal Republicanism is a lively sense of favors to come will, of course, assert, if it should be necessary, that Democrats were original abolitionists. But why should honorable men, whose Republicanism is not a badge but a faith, try to persuade themselves upon any pretense that the party which has been always the relentless foe of equal rights is now to be especially trusted as their friend and champion?

SPEAKER BLAINE'S LETTER.

If a Senator of the United States writes a letter upon political topics, there seems to be no reason why the Speaker of the House of Representatives, one of the most dignified and important offices in the government, may not properly respond to it. But Speaker Blaine has been attacked, as if he were guilty of some pretension or offense, for his temperate reply to Senator Sumner, who had attacked the President in the most intemperate of speeches and letters. But there is no doubt whatever that the prompt and forcible letter of the Speaker expresses the sentiment of the brain and the heart of the great party of liberty in regard to the letter of Mr. Sumner. Of what Mr. Sumner calls "the personal imputation" of the Speaker, and which he indignantly repels, we say only that we know Mr. Sumner seeks always to do his duty, and sincerely believes that he has no "personal feeling" toward the President. But it is hard to read his speech against him at the close of the session, and feel that it is the speech of a man without personal irritation. Certainly the impression of its deep injustice tends to bind many persons closer to the President.

The letter of Speaker Blaine is warm with feeling, yet, although forcible, as we said, it is temperate. He shows that, as a fact, Mr. Sumner is really in alliance with the late leaders of the rebellion to secure a Democratic restoration with Mr. Greeley at its head. He shows that the late action of the party forbids the theory of "conversion," and reasons logically that an Administration brought into power by the Democrats must necessarily be a Democratic Administration. It is not presumptuous for the Speaker to say these things even to a Senator, for they are the plainest truths, and Mr. Sumner in his reply does not offer to bring any argument to refute them. He says only that as the Democrats are converted, a Democratic or Liberal Republican Congress will be converted, and that, in any case, he prefers Mr. Greeley upon the Cincinnati platform to General Grant with his "rings and pretensions."

And as if the whole question in this election were one of persons and not of powers and probabilities, Mr. Sumner says that in proportion as a man is earnest for the rights of the colored citizen he will be glad to support the candidate whose heart has always throbbed for humanity. But why support such a man rather than one who, in his executive office, has for four years so steadily maintained the rights of the colored citizens that, as a body, they enthusiastically prefer him? A firm and strong hand to defend rights is quite as valuable as a heart to throb for them. The colored citizens naturally prefer that hand, with the friendly and faithful heart of a great party behind it, to the throbbing heart with the nerveless and reluctant hand of an unbelieving party above it. Mr. Sumner will remember Plutarch's architects competing for the building in Athens. One was eloquent, the other was silent. But when the eloquent artist had made his speech, the silent one said only, "Men of Athens, all that he has spoken will I perform." Does Mr. Sumner find it easier to trust the words of a Democratic convention, speaking for a party which until yesterday was hostile to equal rights, rather than the acts of one man whom he describes as a former Democrat, but who for four years has faithfully defended those rights?

Mr. Sumner is a New England Senator, and Speaker Blaine is a New England Representative. Moreover, he is from Maine, where the first trial of forces takes place between the old and the new friends of equal rights. It was, therefore, peculiarly proper that the Speaker should immediately reject, in the name of New England Republicanism, the theories of Mr. Sumner. The reply was instinctive. The Speaker's words are the voice of a million New England hearts.

FAITH AND FOLLY.

We have from time to time set forth Mr. Greeley's opinion of the party which supports him for the Presidency. The fact that the Democratic party has nominated him can not change either the truth or his recorded opinion that "a purely selfish interest attaches the lewd, ruffianly, criminal, and dangerous classes to the Democratic party;" and that if "there were not a newspaper nor a common school in the country, the Democratic party would be far stronger than it is." But it is certainly ludicrous that in his letter of acceptance he should say of a party which he has thus described, that "its grand array moves on to achieve for our country her glorious, beneficent destiny." We had supposed that a party which sprang from the love of liberty, which had spread with the school-house, which was strongest among the educated, moral, industrious people, was the "grand array" to achieve the glorious destiny of the country, and that the hereditary partisan foes of liberty and intelligence did not become that array by the resolution of a convention. But Mr. Greeley and his friends think otherwise.

So Mr. Sumner, in his speech against the resolution of Mr. M'Creery, of Kentucky, for the relief of Mrs. General Lee, in December, 1870, said: "Now, Sir, could I make my voice heard from one end of this country to the other, from Massachusetts to Louisiana, it would be to warn......Take warning. I would say to my countrymen every where, not only at the South, but at the North, but especially at the South, that the political party with which the Senator is associated, should it obtain power in this nation, will establish the policy of which his resolution is the representative." This is a statement founded upon experience, upon reason, upon probability, upon knowledge of men and affairs. It is the fruit of observation and thought, like Mr. Greeley's judgments of the composition and tendencies of the same party. But the party against which Mr. Sumner warned us, having resolved that it is the friend of equal rights, Mr. Sumner also suddenly sees, with Mr. Greeley, that it is the "grand array" of glorious progress and reform; and fixing his eyes upon that neat resolution, exclaims, "It is a victory of ideas, without which all other victories must fall." Is the resolution which refers the question of free trade to the people also a victory of ideas?

We had supposed that a party which has done more for liberty than any party in history might be trusted to defend it, and that the party which by conviction, tradition, and tendency is hostile to equal rights did not become the "grand array" for their protection because of the resolution of a convention. But Mr. Sumner and his friends think otherwise. He will seek to "make the equal rights of all secure" by voting with the Democratic party for Mr. Greeley. This is both inconceivable faith and incalculable folly.

HOW IS THIS?

Senator Trumbull lately made a speech at Indianapolis, in which he said that, "For three years the South has cried for terms, but the Senatorial ring which has seized upon the patronage of the nation has spurned it forth, wishing to perpetuate its degradation that they might preserve their power; they, for the purpose of party spite, seemingly animated by the Evil One himself, have sought to fire the passions of the people." This is strong language. It charges the Republican majority in the Senate with three years of misrule and prostitution of power so enormous that no man who saw it was justified in supporting the party which sustained it. If "the Senatorial ring" offended this year, it offended last year no less. Indeed, for three years, the Senator tells us, the Republican majority, which he chooses to call a ring, has pursued a most unpatriotic, revengeful, and inhuman course.

And yet within much less than the three years which he thus describes as the period of this infamy—indeed, within this very year, on the 20th of last September, at the Republican Convention in Illinois, Senator Trumbull held very different language. Now, had it been his sincere opinion that for two years previously, during the entire period of General Grant's administration, the policy of the Republican party in the Senate had been animated by the Evil One, how could he have spoken as follows? Having described the Democratic party in the most trenchant and truthful terms, Senator Trumbull continued:

> "If you look for reforms to them, then it is the duty of the voter to go to the polls and vote with the Democratic party. But if the people of this country believe that economy has been introduced into the public service since the Republican party took possession of the government—if they believe that the government is stronger to-day than when they took possession—if they believe that liberty is more secure, and the rights of the citizen better protected, free speech and free press in all parts of the land better secured than under the other organization, then it is their duty to vote with the Republican party. The ship of state ten years ago was crippled; it had been run upon the quicksands and rocks, and was falling to pieces. The Republican party took possession of her. They have been sailing the ship of state for the last ten years, not only over the boisterous waves of the ocean, but through the terrific tornadoes of civil war, and they have brought the noble old ship upon a peaceful ocean, where she now rides, strengthened in all her parts, magnificent in all her proportions, and there she now rides in peace and prosperity. And there is, outside, the Democratic party, beating around among the seas hither and thither, driven by every wind of passion, *taking a new departure*, and now seeking to find the old ship. If you believe that they can man her better and sail her more safely, put them in possession of her; but if you think the men who saved her are the best to steer her hereafter into the haven of peace and prosperity for the American people, then keep at the helm the men that upheld it."

Amen! But if Senator Trumbull thought so last September, how can he say this July that for the last three years the Senatorial majority of the party he so glowingly describes has been so utterly reckless and unprincipled? It is the Senator who has changed, not the party. A party which in September, 1871, he so truthfully depicted is a party which in September, 1872, honest men may safely trust.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

There is one man in this country who is so peculiarly associated with the antislavery cause, from the early devotion of his life and all his powers to its service, that the most radical antislavery movement was called by his name. And this was at a time when the odium attaching to common humanity and simple justice in this country was so intense that even good men shrank from the name of Garrisonian Abolitionist. What Castelar says of the Venetian republican, Manin, may most truly be said of William Lloyd Garrison: "Honest as the human conscience itself, he proposed to realize good results by good means, to accomplish a revolution without excesses." The emancipation to which he had wholly consecrated himself was at last achieved as a war measure, but the greatness of his service and the glory of his renown are none the less.

Believing that the Constitution before the war countenanced slavery, he denounced the Constitution and refused to take any part in politics. But the moment slavery was abolished, and the Constitution amended so as to prohibit it forever, Mr. Garrison ranged himself with the party which proclaimed and defended the equal rights of all American citizens. With the same incisive perception which had always characterized him, he saw that the form of the amendments could be made substance only by those who believed in them and had proved their faith. He is, therefore, an unswerving supporter of the Republican party and its candidates against the Democratic coalition, because he knows that the liberty and justice for which he has lived can not safely be intrusted to the care of their old and crafty enemies.

Mr. Garrison, of all men in the country, has a right to advise the colored voters, and his reply to the letter of Mr. Sumner we hope will be printed and circulated as a campaign document. Its vigorous common-sense, its invincible logic, its unsparing fidelity, may very well surprise those who have supposed Mr. Garrison to be an impracticable enthusiast. It is perfectly calm, absolutely independent, and touches the very issue of the campaign. It is addressed to those honest and thoughtful friends of liberty and peace whom the coalition hopes to reduce by its cry of "reconciliation." But why, he says to Mr. Sumner—why this sudden gush of desire to extinguish the fires of hate? *Have you been hitherto inspired by a desire for vengeance?* Mr. Garrison remembers what Mr. Sumner has forgotten, that the Republican party has been absolutely free from a vindictive spirit, and that it is the hope of just such a Democratic restoration as is now attempted which has constantly excited the lawless spirit in the Southern States.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS UPON MR. SUMNER'S LETTER.

That nothing may be wanting to the completeness of the reply to Mr. Sumner's unhappy letter, Frederick Douglass, who is perhaps the most eminent man of his race in the country, and who is a personal friend of Mr. Sumner, but an earnest supporter of General Grant, says:

> "Aside from his purpose to support the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Sumner has added but little of either fact or argument to his previous utterances. To his fierce, bitter, sweeping, and unqualified impeachments of U. S. Grant we oppose the sober, unimpassioned, and just record in other columns setting forth General Grant's military and political course toward the colored people of the United States during the last ten years. We appeal from the power of invective to the power of simple, unadorned truth. Judged by this standard, U. S. Grant stands triumphantly vindicated as a wise, firm, and consistent friend of the just rights of man, without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude, and every way worthy of the support of colored citizens and of the whole nation."

"BUT 'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY."

The character of "the Democratic and Liberal Republican" campaign is well illustrated by its treatment of the late election in North Carolina. In 1870 there was the last general election in that State, and the Democrats succeeded by four or five thousand majority. This year the most extravagant efforts were made by the Democrats, assisted by the Liberal Republicans, who supported the Democratic nominations, to repeat the victory. The Republicans warmly contested the field. The election took place, and the first news seemed favorable to the Democrats. But the returns were manifestly incomplete, and it was plain that the actual result could not be known for two or three days. But the Democratic coalition is playing a desperate game of brag. So on the day that the first returns were announced, "a Congratulatory Circular" was issued by the Democratic and Liberal Republican committees, in the finest style of blatter, felicitating the country upon "the magnificent victory achieved by the people of North Carolina, virtually deciding, as it does, the Presidential contest."

We believe there was a salute fired, assisted by the Liberal Republicans, in honor of the assured return of the late rebels to the control of the government: at least the circular announced such a salute. But before the smoke of the salute and the sparks of the circular had quite vanished the truth began to appear from North Carolina. It was, indeed, a "magnificent victory," but it had been won by the Republicans, who had elected their Governor by a handsome majority. It was very comical to remark the shrinking "head lines" of the Democratic papers. The *World* immediately revoked its enthusiasm, and thought the Presidential result was not so very clear. The *Tribune* had heard that the Administration had been waiting to "count in" the Republicans. And we expect to hear the veracious Mr. Beck stating the exact number of votes which were bought with that "corruption fund" which Mr. Boutwell, according to Mr. Beck, sent into the State. The result in North Carolina, showing that the people have been neither deluded nor dismayed by the coalition, is, as the "Congratulatory Circular" truly remarks, "gratifying and glorious."

THE UNION SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

It is stated, and without doubt correctly, that General Joseph E. Johnston, like General Beauregard—generals not of the United States army—declares his intention to vote for Mr. Greeley and "reconciliation" upon the Cincinnati platform. General Johnston was probably a sincere soldier of his cause. He thought that we were all wrong, and that the war upon our side was monstrous. Is it true, then, that he and the honest supporters of the lost cause accept the ninth Cincinnati resolution in its just spirit?

> "We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly earned fame or the full reward of their patriotism."

Are Generals Johnston and Beauregard and Wade Hampton really grateful to the Union soldiers? or do they think that the words of this resolution are susceptible of an interpretation which will include the soldiers and sailors of both sides in the contest, and authorize payment of "Confederate" pensions as a measure of "reconciliation?"

It can not be replied that Mosby supports General Grant upon the Philadelphia platform with its pledge to the Union soldiers, because Mosby knows that that is the pledge of the Republican party. But when the great body of the late rebels, with their generals and the noble army of Northern Copperheads, declare that they are grateful for the services of the Union soldiers, and the object of the declaration is to restore the Democratic party to power, it will be well for those who were neither rebels nor Copperheads to reflect whether that is the way of peace and reconciliation.

THE SPEEDIEST WAY.

The late Attorney-General Akerman, of Georgia, who knows the Ku-Klux thoroughly from long investigation, and who understands the real feeling of the Southern States, states the case admirably in a late letter. Speaking of the disturbing spirit in that section, he says:

> "Owing to the action of the Government of the United States it is now checked, but it is not yet extirpated. Should Grant be re-elected, the offenders will cease to hope for impunity in crime, and will betake themselves to better ways or to other countries. Should Greeley be elected, they will feel that their side has triumphed, and in the intoxication of victory will break out in violence the fiercer from long restraint. No matter how earnestly Mr. Greeley might exert himself to suppress them, it would be long before he could put them where Grant has them now. The speediest way to give permanent tranquillity to the South is to re-elect General Grant."

PERSONAL.

One of New York's peculiar characters has just deceased—Mitchell Hart, the famous pawnbroker of Chatham Street. He had by dint of economy and sagacity, and incessant devotion to the pursuit of gain, accumulated a fortune variously estimated at from three to five millions of dollars, all of which he bequeathed to his bachelor brother and partner, Henry. These two had all their lives lived in the queer old house, No. 31 Chatham Street. From thence Mitchell Hart scarcely ever went, except to get his swift and frugal meal at Sweeney's or French's, close by. He was never inside a theatre, never attended a party or ball, never took a holiday, never was in Brooklyn, Hoboken, or Staten Island, never was out of the city for a single day. The brothers ate, drank, and slept together as long as Mitchell lived. He used to say, laughingly, "Henry is my wife, sister, and daughter all at the same time." It is said they never failed in a business undertaking. The deceased was fifty-nine. Truly "man heapeth up riches, but can not tell who shall gather them."

—It was a grand thing when the trustees of Princeton College hit upon the idea of bringing Dr. M'Cosh from Ireland to be their president, for since he acceded to that office over one million of dollars have been added, by gift, to the permanent funds of the institution. The doctor rightly thinks that every man worth $100,000 should devote a part of it to the cause of education.

—Colonel John Strawn, recently deceased in Illinois, at eighty-one, built a house in Marshall County in 1829, which contained the first glass windows ever seen in that region.

—The Duke d'Aumale is a zealous numismatist. He is continually seeking to add to his large collection of coins. One of the best numismatists of this country is Mr. William C. Prime, of the *Journal of Commerce*. He is the author of an interesting work, with numerous illustrations, on that subject, published by Harper & Brothers.

—Tennyson is an inveterate smoker, using Virginia tobacco and a clay pipe; but he never uses a pipe the second time. When he smokes out a bowl of tobacco he breaks the pipe and fills a new one, talking all the while if he has any body to talk to. He keeps a variety of pipes for visitors. His working "den" is at the top of the house. Thither he repairs after breakfast, and in the midst of books on shelves, tables, chairs, and floor writes until he is fatigued. No human being intrudes upon the privacy of Alfred while he is racking his intellect.

—The government of Austria has refused to receive the Jesuits from Prussia within its dominions. They are already excluded by law from Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden. The London *Tablet* (Roman Catholic) recommends that they take refuge among the German population in Wisconsin and Minnesota, where, it thinks, their ministrations will be particularly useful. They may arrive in time to assist in the campaign for Greeley.

—Mrs. Agnes Bullock, of Virginia, has, at the age of ninety-six, finished cutting an entire set of teeth. It is supposed that they didn't cause her such Ag'nies as the first ones.

—Gigantic as Sir Walter Scott's powers were, they were of slower growth than the powers of any man eminent in literature. He did not write his "Lay" till he was thirty-four, and he was forty-three when "Waverley" was published. With very rare exceptions, poets and novelists have written their best works in the first flush of youth, and written very little at the age when Sir Walter Scott was throwing off his best novels—that is, from forty-five to sixty. Pope wrote his "Essay on Criticism" in his teens, and that essay, as Dr. Johnson said, at once placed its author in the first rank of critics and poets. Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" at eighteen, and the "Cenci" at twenty-six. All Coleridge's masterpieces were written before he was five-and-twenty. Byron was only twenty-four when he published the first canto of "Childe Harold;" and he wrote "Don Juan" at thirty. Burns threw off the "Cotter's Saturday Night" at twenty-six, and "Tam O'Shanter" at thirty-two. "Pickwick" was the work of a youth still serving his apprenticeship to literature. "The School for Scandal" was the work of a man of five-and-twenty, and the first volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was written at twenty-four. "Vivian Grey" was the work of a boy; and Sir Bulwer Lytton had published most of his novels long before the age at which the author of "Waverley" discovered that fiction, after all, was his forte.

—Colonel Reps, an American, said to be the strongest swimmer in the world, has just floated into Paris.

—General Diven, who has just been chosen vice-president and general manager of the Erie Railway (the office of superintendent having been abolished), has been identified with its management from the outset, and probably knows more about the various localities and interests along the road than any man living. He has enjoyed the confidence of the various boards who have controlled the affairs of the company from its organization.

—An equestrian statue of Napoleon III., purchased by the inhabitants of Chiselhurst, is to be erected in that place on the 15th of August, the emperor's birthday.

—Dom Fernando, father of the King of Portugal, has composed an opera called "Vasco da Gama," the same subject set by Meyerbeer in the "Africaine." Dom Fernando, although seventy, sang lately a tenor air out of his own work at one of M. Thiers's soirées at Versailles, and the old fellow did it pretty well too.

—By the death of Cardinal Clarelli Paracienni, Bishop of Frascati, that ancient see, held by the last descendant of the Stuarts, the Cardinal of York, falls to the lot of Monsignore Edward Howard, lately consecrated coadjutor to the deceased cardinal. A descendant of the Tudors, and not long ago a popular officer in the Queen's Life Guards, thus succeeds to the dignities of the last of the Stuart line.

—Mr. Emerson will rebuild on the site of his residence lately burned. The new building will be as nearly as possible an exact copy of the old one, and will cost $4500.

—Louis Wigfall, who occupied a fraction of time early in life in shooting two or three of the South Carolina Brookses, and fought a duel with the Preston S. Brooks who made an improper demonstration on the head of Senator Sumner, has deemed it the correct thing to announce his determination to support the nomination of Mr. Greeley.

—Those English clerical dignitaries do manage to elude the poor-house. By the last steamer we note that the late Dean of Lincoln bequeathed property to the amount of $300,000, and his will was written on a half sheet of note-paper.

—General Sherman, who, while in Germany, studied closely the last Franco-German war, has expressed the opinion that the great and fatal error of the campaign was Bazaine's shutting himself up in Metz. There was no way to retrieve that blunder.

—Of the Webster family, those now inmates of the country-seat at Marshfield are, Mrs. Fletcher Webster; her son, Ashburton, a young man of twenty-five years; her daughter, Caroline, who is married to Mr. James Geddes Day, of New York, and with her husband resides here on the family estate. Mr. Day is a lawyer, but at present devotes his time chiefly to the care of the farm and grounds, and for keeping the latter in order is said to possess the qualifications of a taste for art and landscape gardening. The interior of the house is kept precisely as the dying statesman left it.

—Cardinal Antonelli has entered on the twenty-fifth year of his admission to the College of Cardinals.

—Mr. Lytton Sothern, a son of that eminent patrician, Lord Dundreary, made his début on the stage last week in London, in a piece in which his noble parent performed. The young man has ability, and gives promises to do credit to the family fame.

—Mr. Thomas Holme, of London, has bequeathed $50,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is to be hoped it will not be contested in the manner that the bequest of Mr. Bonard has been contested before the surrogate of New York. Mr. Bonard's bequest is more than double that of Mr. Holme.

—The Hon. Jesse Olney, of Stratford, Connecticut, who died on the 30th of July, had the gratification while living of knowing that his name had been as often and as honorably mentioned by the rising generation as that of almost any man of his time. For many years the "School Geography" of which he was the author was in general use in the common schools and in many of the seminaries of the country. Besides being a fine scholar, he was an excellent business man, filled several important State offices with credit, and was admired for his frankness and manliness, and for many genial and admirable social qualities.

—"To be in Faraday's company," writes Dr. Gladstone, his biographer, "was, in fact, a moral tonic;" and yet, in spite of the almost boyish elasticity of his nature, some of his views were tinged with the gloom which, as the editor observes, is "common to small religious communities."

—Of Rubinstein, the pianist, who is soon to come hitherto and astonish the natives with vigorous thumping of the piano, they tell this anecdote: A nobleman of Vienna sent him a request—in view of its source amounting almost to a mandate—to play at his residence on a festive occasion, and inclosed a check for 3000 florins. Rubinstein returned the check, saying that he could be heard any night in Vienna for three florins!

—The venerable Henry Boehm, now in his ninety-eighth year, and for some years the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, now resides with his daughter, Mrs. S. C. Emly, a short distance from this city. He entered the ministry seventy years ago, and even now is occasionally able to preach. Probably he is at the present time the oldest Methodist clergyman living.

—George Augustus Sala is quite right in stating that "in no country in the world are so many men of shining talents, of noble mind, of refined taste, buried alive as in the United States."

—Professor Agassiz, in reporting some of the results of his scientific expedition, says: "I am satisfied, since I have examined the *Tomocaris peircei*, that trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopods than to any other entomostracæ, or to the isopods." We have always maintained that theory about the pods and things.

—The Cobb family is known throughout the trade as embracing many intelligent and enterprising booksellers for generations in the West, who take to book-selling as naturally and gracefully as ducks to the water. And there is one little peculiarity about them that perhaps does not attach to any other family in the country—the tenacity with which they adhere to a certain style of Christian, or rather Roman, name. For instance, there is

Lucius Marcius Cobb, of L. M. Cobb & Co., Chicago.
Marcius Lucius Cobb, Sing Sing, New York.
Junius Brutus Cobb, } Cobb, Andrews, & Co., Cleveland and Chicago.
Brutus Junius Cobb, }
Caius Cassius Cobb, }
Cassius Caius Cobb, St. Louis.

And there are two sisters:

Lucia Marcia Cobb, now Mrs. Fenton, of Syracuse.
Marcia Lucia Cobb, now Mrs. Stair, of Cleveland.

When all these nice people get together there would seem to be need of particularity about calling each other by the first name; else, what a muddle!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

There is no longer any doubt of the result of the recent election in North Carolina, the latest returns showing the election of the Republican Governor by at least 2000 majority. The "Liberals" are greatly disheartened by their defeat.

Professor George W. Eaton, D.D., L.L.D., who was for forty years connected with the Madison University (of which he was for twelve years the president), died at Woodland Height, Hamilton, New York, on August 3.

The propeller *M. R. Robertson*, bound from Chicago to Collingwood, Ontario, with a cargo of 16,500 bushels of wheat, was burned off Skellagallee light-house. Fortunately the crew was saved.

A tornado of great violence passed over Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, August 6, unroofing the State Capitol and other buildings, besides uprooting trees, and doing much damage otherwise.

The complete census returns of the United States show the total population to be 38,558,371, of which 19,493,565 are males and 19,064,806 females.

An accident occurred, August 8, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, near Humboldt, Tennessee, by which three persons were killed and five wounded; and another on the Western Maryland Railroad, near Finksburg, by which fourteen passengers were injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

King Amadeus is making a tour of Spain, and is every where received by his subjects with outbursts of loyalty.

It is stated in the Spanish official newspaper, the *Imparcial*, of Madrid, that since the commencement of the Cuban insurrection 13,600 rebels have been killed and 70,000 have submitted to the Spanish authorities, while 10,000 horses, 5000 guns, and 3000 swords have been captured.

King Amadeus of Spain has published a decree providing for the gradual abolition of slavery in the colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico.

The Carlist prisoners taken during the recent insurrection have been sent to the Canaries.

During a recent severe storm on the eastern coast of England six fishing vessels belonging to Berwick-on-Tweed were capsized, and all on board were lost.

Owing to the frequency of fatal railroad accidents of late, the British Parliament has been petitioned to investigate the causes, and to take some action that shall protect passengers in the future.

An election riot occurred in Quebec August 6, which was commenced by attacking the committee-rooms and polling-places. Several shots were fired, killing one man and wounding others.

A St. Petersburg dispatch, dated August 7, states that a great fire was then burning in the city of Nishnii-Novgorod, in the quarter where the annual fair is being held. A large quantity of valuable goods had already been destroyed.

Great excitement has been caused in Ireland by the report that gold has been discovered near the town of Kinsale.

The Pope congratulates President Thiers on the success of the new French loan, which is to be attributed, he says, to the refusal of M. Goulard to be embassador to the court of Italy.

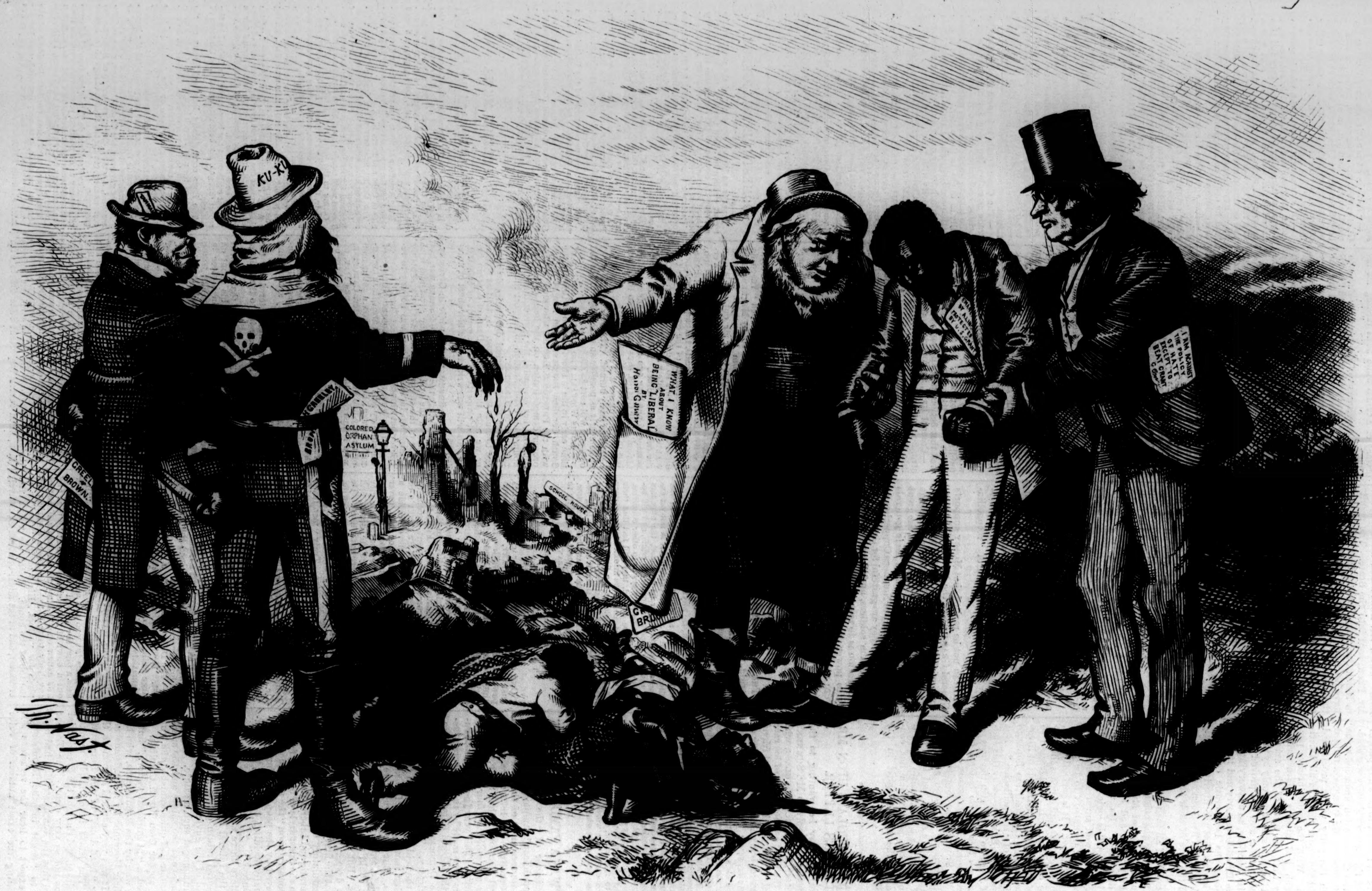
Cosuscormdjouk, a village on the Asiatic bank of the Bosphorus, has been destroyed by fire, rendering 1000 families homeless and desolate.

The Belgian government has prohibited the importation of cattle from Germany and Russia, owing to the prevalence of the rinderpest in those countries.

A new governor, the Count Canongo, unexpectedly assumed, August 7, the governorship of Havana. No reasons are given for the sudden change of the former governor.

In Mexico President de Tejada has granted a decree of amnesty to all political prisoners, except the lieutenant-generals under Maximilian, and has commuted the sentence of death against Luz Toledo, Pedro, and Lopez to ten years' imprisonment.

The funeral of Juarez, the late President of the Mexican republic, was very imposing, and was attended by upward of 70,000 persons. The corpse was interred in the Pantheon.


KU-KL
CREEL BROWN.
GREELEY
BROWN
COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM
SCHOOL HOUSE
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BEING "LIBERAL" BY
G BR
PROTECTED BY U.S. GRANT
I AM AGAINST THE POLICY OF HATE EXCEPT TO BEAT GRANT
Th. Nast.

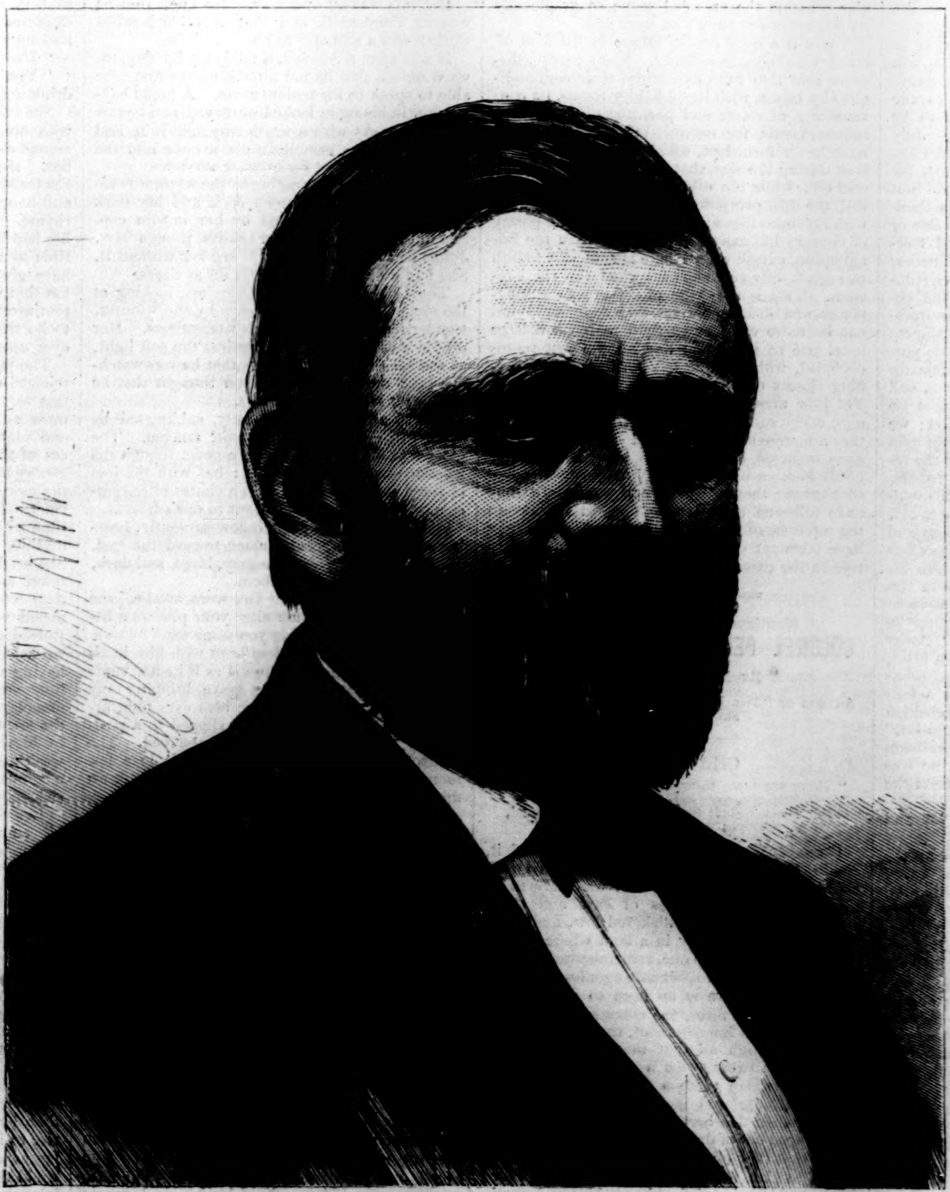
IT IS ONLY A TRUCE TO REGAIN POWER ("PLAYING POSSUM").

H. G. "Clasp hands over the bloody chasm."
C. S. "Freely accept the hand that is offered, and reach forth thine own in friendly grasp."

GRANT AND GREELEY.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Within the brief period of four years was perfected the most important military triumph of modern times, and the utter overthrow of the pretensions of chivalry, of slavery, and of tyranny in the New World occupied comparatively a small space in the duration of a nation; the victory of freedom was as swift as it was complete, nor was there ever so widespread an insurrection, reaching over so extensive a territory, as rapidly subdued. Yet in that brief period was condensed the decision of the future of the human race: every hour passed on burdened with the hopes and fears of the oppressed of every land; the starving Lancashire operative, the toiling German, the working-men of Europe and America, watched with rising interest the steady progress of **Grant** and the Union armies, felt that their hour of triumph was at hand, and from their present woes looked patiently forward to a happier future. Germany never lost its trust in the success of the cause of union, and Lancashire heroically starved that America might be free. Yet never were the enemies of labor and of industry more active or more hopeful. The English oligarchy showed a vivid sympathy for their natural allies in Virginia or the Carolinas, pierced the blockade, invested in the Confederate loan, and foretold in ceaseless articles in reviews and newspapers the ruin of republicanism; the corrupt court of imperial France, now swept away like a baseless vision, surrounded itself with rebel emissaries, and coldly planned to profit from our misfortunes. Nor were the uncultivated class of Romish voters idle in our Northern cities, or ever permitted by their Democratic leaders to rest from their efforts to embarrass the Union armies, and rivet the chains of the colored race in the South.

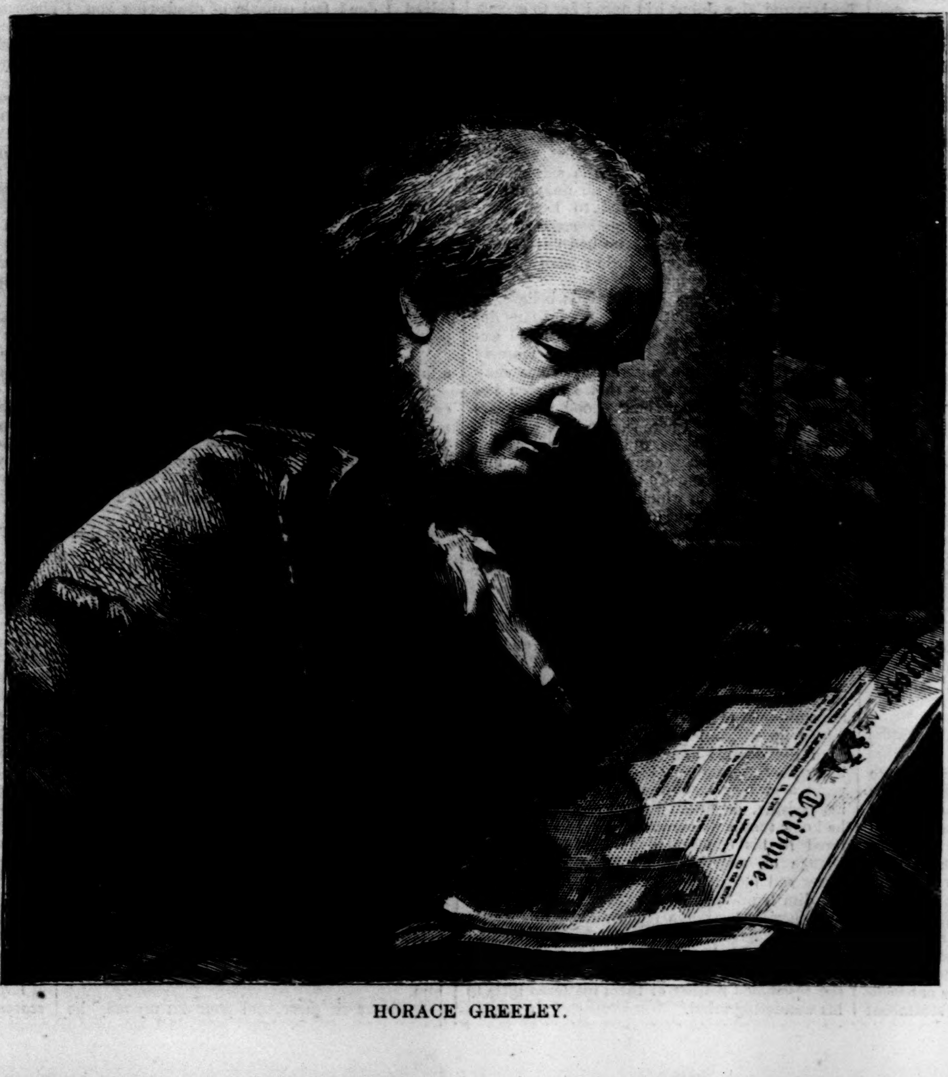


ULYSSES S. GRANT.

But the victories of **Grant** had once more revived the vigor of the Republican party. Vicksburg had swept the opposition leaders from office in almost every Northern State; Chattanooga completed their downfall. The people had risen with singular unanimity to crush the dying rebellion, and when, in the summer of 1864, **Grant** and his resolute soldiers threw themselves into the heart of the hostile country to begin the siege of Richmond, the whole nation gave itself to the rigorous duties of war, and poured forth its wealth and its manhood in its last great struggle for existence. Every patriot felt that the hour of triumph drew near; every generous intellect cheered on its countrymen with hopeful words; nor was there a coward or a traitor in all that mighty league of freemen who, from Maine to California, rallied to the aid of **Lincoln** and of **Grant**, and proclaimed death to slavery, and universal freedom. The summer, laden with the fate of generations, passed sternly on. The great commander, who had alone foreseen the intrinsic weakness of the Confederacy, drew his lines closer around the rebellious city, besieged an army in its own stronghold, and baffled the desperate energy of **Lee**. Overwhelmed then as now by the vain calumnies of the treacherous and the cowardly, denounced by all who hated freedom, assailed by the Democratic press and their foreign allies, **Grant**, worn by three years of ceaseless labor, of endless marches, battles, triumphs, stood with his usual constancy in the front of his army, never for a moment wavered in his purpose, and through the long and difficult siege gave all the vigor of his genius to the preservation of his country. Had he faltered, the Republican party must have been shaken and divided; had he failed, the Union would have been lost; nor did the destiny of a nation or the hopes of mankind ever more plainly rest upon the vigor of a single arm than when our patient hero, never doubtful or discouraged, animated his countrymen with his own fortitude before the lines of Richmond.

Meanwhile the slave-holders, desperate, or conscious of their dangerous weakness, were not without their resources and their hopes. They had sent their most subtle and most guilty agents to the Canadian frontier. They had supplied them with an immense fund, to be used in corrupting Northern politicians, in spreading terror and doubt through the Northern States, in burning cities and harbors, hotels and theatres, in murders and assassinations, in collecting all the criminal classes of the North in secret associations ripe for sudden rebellion and pillage, and in assembling vast meetings of the discontented Irish, eager for revolution under the sacred name of peace. Recent revelations have shown that every peace meeting held during this eventful year was a rebel gathering; and of a **M'Clellan** meeting in New York in August an observer relates that "from the chief stand he saw only Irish faces." The rebel agents in Canada were full of hope. Their mission had been attended by no common success. It is true **Thompson** was forced to lament that the "Greek fire" prepared for the ruin of New York had failed to destroy the hotels, theatres, and churches of that guilty city, to consume in their horror and dismay men, women, and children; but the first attempt had at least spread terror in every household and every family. A second, he trusted, would prove more fortunate. He had organized a corps for burning and devastation. Steamers had been fired in the port of St. Louis; Cincinnati had been desolated; fires had been kindled in many a town or city by his chosen emissaries; a universal dread of the secret incendiary was spread over the North. This band of miscreants in Canada, with whom Mr. **Greeley** indiscreetly carried on his negotiations, and from whom he seems never since to have severed his connection, was fertile in all the devices of barbarous malice. They revived practices that had been thought odious and intolerable in the fiercest European wars. They strove to destroy women and children, the unarmed and the innocent, by a most horrible death; they sought to convey infectious diseases into crowded cities; their emissaries wandered in disguise through the Northern States, watching the opportunity of crime; they formed a secret and mysterious order through the North, composed of their most daring adherents, whose purposes have never yet been disclosed. They projected still wider plans. They hoped to seize upon the Northwestern States, and the day was fixed when a peace meeting was to be held and a general revolution begun. They entered into communication with the least scrupulous Democratic politicians; Democratic Governors and Congressmen, notorious leaders and traitorous chiefs, crossed the border to confer with them in their treasonable designs; and while **Grant**, patient and resolute, stood before the lines of Richmond, or **Lincoln**, honest, humane, yet determined and courageous, never wavered in the cause of universal freedom, the rebel leaders in their beleaguered capital were cheered by the news from their agents in Canada, and trusted that the Democratic party would rise against the government, and snatch them from destruction by a sudden peace.

But they had also found a still more useful ally. They might even hope to divide the Republican party itself. It was at this period of the war, when every patriot was lending all his strength to support and cheer the armies of the republic, when every honest man shrank from the contact of traitors and of the enemies of his country, that Mr. **Greeley** chose to join in the cry for peace. He placed himself in communication with the band of conspirators in Canada. In a cruel, a contemptuous letter to that great statesman who had so honestly administered the affairs of the nation through its hours of utmost danger, and who was now looking forward to a brilliant triumph, he painted, in extravagant language, the lost condition of the country. He demanded—for his words will bear no other interpretation—permission to treat with the rebels; but he promised that he would only treat with them upon the condition of the utter extirpation of slavery. His request was granted, and Mr. **Lincoln**, with that quiet sense of humor which so often shone out amidst his eating cares, appointed his officious adviser embassador to the rebel conference. Mr. **Greeley** went to Niagara. What passed between him and **Thompson** or **Saunders** is not yet told. He himself asserts that he saw only one of the rebel commissioners. But the conference was brought to a sudden close by the decided communication of President **Lincoln**, by that manly proclamation in which he required the instant submission of the rebels, the total destruction of slavery, as the foundations of a negotiation for peace. Mr. **Greeley** returned from the conference imbittered against Mr. **Lincoln**, denouncing his patriotic firmness, exclaiming against "the gentlemen who are paid $8000 a year from the Treasury for giving him" (the President) "bad advice." He desponded; he was malcontent. He wrote a letter to the loyal Governors to suggest the propriety of electing some one else than Mr. **Lincoln** to the Presidency, and was not abashed by their severe replies; and through the last, momentous struggle of the war, when the whole nation was wrought up to a pitch of intense patriotism, and every honest man rallied to the aid of **Grant** before Richmond, Mr. **Greeley**'s paper was filled with singular prognostications of peace, and his influence was turned against the armies and the welfare



HORACE GREELEY.

of the republic. To make peace, just at the moment when the rebellion was in its last throes, he was now as anxious as Davis at Richmond or Thompson in Canada. To win a peace he was willing to perpetuate slavery, and abandon the whole colored race to the rage of the oppressor. He had ceased to be the firm defender of universal freedom. July 28 he writes, just after the conference in Canada, and the resolute demand of Lincoln for the extirpation of slavery, "Now we do not contend—though the contrary has been a thousand times asserted—that reunion is possible or endurable only on the basis of universal freedom." On the 29th he continues, "Whether it will be advisable, under whatever circumstances, to insist on that forfeiture" (the destruction of slavery) "is a totally different question." On the 30th he says, "Should slavery survive our present contest, the Democratic party of the North will be mainly responsible for the calamity." As late as September 2, still crying for peace, he exclaims, "We have no *ultimatum*—no favorite plan of pacification; we only insist that slavery shall not make a net gain by her rebellion so as to try it again." To the remonstrances of the loyal and the faithful papers, the *Times* or the *Evening Post*, against his constant and disheartening clamor for peace, Mr. Greeley offered only feeble equivocations and doubtful explanations. When Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, he gave him his support with a sneer; but when the tide of victory rose high, he fled from his rebel connections, his Democratic leanings, in affright: he recanted openly; he perhaps repented. "Away with the cowardly hint of armistice!" he cries, September 21; "and away with the traitorous slander that the conduct of the war is a failure!" and he now resolves "that the rebellion shall never be yielded to and never bought off." As this slander and this policy of submission had both originated only with himself, he was now plainly desirous to hide his shame from the eyes of his countrymen.

We have no leisure to notice what joy and comfort the singular conduct of Mr. Greeley gave to the rebels or the malcontents at the North; how Commissioner Holcombe hoped by his aid to be suffered to go to Washington, and thus study the resources of the Union; how Thompson counted much upon his plain difference with the President, and his willingness to join in the clamor of the disaffected for peace; what discouragement his ceaseless outcries brought to many timid Republicans; or with what disdain his unworthy suggestion to yield to the demands of the slave-holders, and perpetuate slavery, was heard in the cabinet at Washington or in the camp before Richmond. His power for evil was lost, his influence gone. No other Republican had clamored for peace in the last great struggle for victory. The whole Republican party stood with Lincoln and Grant in their firm resolution to have no peace that was not founded on universal freedom. The war ended in triumph, and the working-men and the industrious of Europe and America, of the South as well as the North, rejoiced in the utter destruction of the chief foes of the rights of man. Yet since the war Mr. Greeley has still continued his tortuous and inexplicable conduct. He clamored at once for amnesty, and labored to re-establish the rule of the fallen slave-holders over the white and black mechanics and working-men of the South. He courted the corrupt aristocracy; he neglected the rising people. He intrigued against Grant as he had against Lincoln; his associations have been with disreputable Democrats and the plunderers of New York. He has at last won the nomination for the Presidency, and by a suggestive coincidence his chief supporters are the Democratic politicians who crossed the border in 1864 to hold treasonable council with Thompson and Saunders; the men who thronged "peace meetings" that were designed to end in revolution; the fallen slave-holders, eager to reduce the mechanic and the working-man once more to political subjection; the Canadian conspirators, who strove to burn women and children, the unarmed and the innocent, in New York or Cincinnati; and his opponents are the rising people of every land, the defenders, in life and death, of universal freedom.

The election of Mr. Greeley to the Presidency would be the restoration of the fallen slave-holders to political power, the subjection of the mechanics and the small farmers of the South to their ancient oppressors, the ruin of the colored race. Already the supporters of President Grant are openly murdered in Missouri and expelled from Georgia by the friends of the pacific Greeley; and it is probable that the "peace meetings" assembled by Schurz and Sumner, the Woods, Seymour, and Saunders, will be as dangerous to the cause of freedom as those traitorous gatherings that strove, in the last year of the rebellion, to destroy the Republican party, drive Grant from Richmond, and perpetuate for endless generations the horrors of slavery.

THE SUMMER EXODUS.

It comes every summer, this frantic rush into the country, to exchange the hot pavement, the sultry streets, the noise and dust of the city, for the soft verdure, the cool breezes, the shade and the quiet, which are supposed to be the invariable charms of country life. Gentlemen detained by business send their families to rural retreats or fashionable watering-places, where they join them after business hours in the evening; or, if too far away for a daily visit, go out Saturday afternoons to spend Sunday with them. This occasions an enormous increase of travel on all the railroad and steamboat lines. Every train goes out loaded to its utmost capacity, and every steamboat pier presents the crowded scene so graphically illustrated in our sketch on page 656.

There is a good deal of fallacy in the idea of country oolness in summer. Many persons discover that they have exchanged their commodious city house, with its high, airy rooms, its conveniences of water and gas, and other modern improvements, for narrow, low-studded rooms, wretchedly furnished, which store up so much heat during the day that they take all night to cool off; while too often the breezes are mythical, the dust overpowering, and the woods alive with ravenous flies and mosquitoes. The poetry of country life exists, indeed, chiefly in the imagination, except where there is sufficient wealth to ingraft city conveniences upon the rural retreat. This is also true of the great watering-places and fashionable sea-side resorts. What can be more comfortless than to reach a huge hotel late at night and find all the best rooms occupied, with nothing left but dreary little stifling closets on the first story under the eaves? Yet how many people go through this experience every summer, under the hallucination that they are enjoying country life! The weary travelers depicted in our sketch on page 657 certainly look as if they were already partially disenchanted; they will be wholly so before they have followed their trunks and carpet-bags to the top floor of the huge caravansary where they have been set down at midnight after a dusty ride in the cars.

(Continued from No. 815, page 627.)

COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

> "There are some things hard to understand:
> O, help me, my God, to trust in Thee;
> But I never shall forget her soft white hand,
> And her eyes when she looked at me."

Colonel Benyon had a hard time of it. Again, as in his Indian bungalow, grim Death claimed him for his own, and was only to be kept at bay by prodigies of care and skill; again the lamp of life flickered low, and for a while the sick man lay in a land where all was darkness, knowing no one, remembering nothing, and suffering the unspeakable agonies of a mind distraught. There is no need to describe the variations of the fever, the changes from bad to worse, the faint improvement, the threatened relapse. Through all that month of September Mr. Borlase came twice a day, and the Plymouth physician twice a week, to Trewardell. They both declared themselves proud of their victory when Herbert Benyon could be fairly pronounced out of danger. They both acknowledged that they owed that victory, under Providence, to Mrs. Chapman.

She had been indefatigable, working and watching by day and night with a quiet patience that knew no limit. No other hand than hers had ever administered the Colonel's medicine or smoothed his pillow since she came to Trewardell; no eyes but hers had watched him in the dead of the night. It was quite in vain that Mr. Borlase and Mrs. Johns had urged her to accept assistance, to let some one relieve her of her night-watch now and then. Upon this point she was inexorable. If she ever slept at all, she so planned her slumbers that they should not interfere with her duties. Sometimes in the dusk of the evening, when it was very nearly dark even out-of-doors, she would take a solitary walk in the gardens for half an hour or so. That was her only relaxation. Sweet and gentle as she was in her manners, she was rather an unapproachable person, and she contrived to keep Mrs. Johns at a distance, which was somewhat galling to that worthy matron, who had never been able to beguile her into a little friendly gossip since she entered the house.

"She's as proud as Lucifer, I do believe, in spite of her meek quiet ways," Mrs. Johns declared to her husband, with an aggrieved expression of countenance. "Why, I've scarcely heard her voice half a dozen times since she's been here; and I can't say that I've seen her face properly yet, that black hood she wears overshadows it so. I hate such popish ways."

This hood which Mrs. Johns objected to had certainly a somewhat conventual aspect, and served to hide the nurse's pale sweet face much more than the cap in which Dr. Matson had first seen her. The physician perceived the change of head-gear when he came to Trewardell, but considered it only a part of that harmless eccentricity which might be permitted to this lay sister of charity.

The time came at last when Herbert Benyon awoke from that long night of suffering and delirium to some faint interest in external things. He had not been unconscious all this time; on the contrary, for long afterward he had a keen remembrance of every detail of his illness; but mixed up with all the realities of his life had been the dreams and delusions of fever. He knew that throughout his illness by day and night a slender black-robed figure had sat by his bedside, or flitted lightly about his room; he knew that a woman's soft hand had administered to his comforts day after day, without change or weariness; he knew that a very sweet sad face had looked down upon him in the dim lamp-light with ineffable pity; but he had cherished strange fancies about this gentle watcher. Sometimes she was a sister he had loved very dearly, and lost in his early youth; sometimes she was Lady Julia Dursay. That she resembled neither of them mattered little to his wandering mind.

But this was all over now. He knew that he was at Trewardell, and that this black-robed woman was a stranger to him.

It was upon a Sunday, a mild October day, toward sunset, that he felt himself for the first time able to speak to his patient nurse. A broad bay-window in his room looked westward, and he saw the evening sky with a warm rosy light in it, and heard the rooks cawing in the avenue and the church-bells ringing for evening service.

Mrs. Chapman was sitting by the window reading, with her hood thrown back and her dark brown hair only shrouded by her muslin cap. She did not wear the hood always, though Mrs. Johns had never happened to see her without it. She had a habit of throwing it off at times.

The Colonel lay quite motionless, looking at the sky and at that quiet figure by the window, wondering dreamily who this woman was. Her profile was clearly defined against the soft light, as she sat there, unconscious that he was watching her; and Herbert Benyon thought that he had never seen a lovelier face.

It was a spiritualized beauty, sublimated by some great sorrow, the Colonel fancied. The glory and bloom of youth were gone, though the woman was evidently young; but with the loss of these she had gained in the charm of expression. It was a face that went to one's heart.

She turned from the window presently, hearing her patient stir, and came toward the bed. He saw that her eyes were gray, large, and dark, with a plaintive look in them.

"I did not know that you were awake," she said, gently. "Let me alter your pillows a little, and then I will bring you some tea."

It was the voice that had been with him in all his foolish dreams. It seemed as if he had come back to life out of a living grave, bringing only this memory with him. She bent over him, arranging the pillow, which had slipped to a position of torture on the edge of the bed. The dextrous hands made all comfortable in a few moments, while the lovely face looked down upon him.

"How good you have been to me all this time!" he said. He had uttered protestations of gratitude and regard many times during his delirium, but these were the first thoroughly sensible words he had spoken to her.

The surprise overcame her a little. Sudden tears started to her eyes, and she turned her head aside to hide them.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, earnestly; "thank God!"

"For what?" asked the Colonel.

"That you are so much better."

"I have been very ill, then, I suppose?"

"You have been very ill."

"Off my head, haven't I? Yes, I know I thought myself up the country, and that I could hear the jackals screaming outside. And I am really in Cornwall, down at Hammersley's place—poor Hammersley!—and you have been nursing me for I don't know how long! You see I am quite rational now. I thought once you were my sister—a girl who died nearly twenty years ago."

"Yes, you are much better; but pray do not talk. You are very weak still, and the doctors would be angry with me for letting you talk so much."

"Very well. I will be as quiet as a lamb; indeed, I don't feel capable of disobeying you. But there is one question that I must ask."

"I do not mind answering one question, if I can."

"To what beneficent influence do I owe your care of me? what freak of fortune brought such a ministering angel to my sick-bed?"

"I am here to perform a work of charity, that is all," she answered, quietly; "I am a nurse by profession."

"But you are a lady!" he exclaimed, surprised.

"That does not prevent my nursing the sick."

"Then you do not mean that you are a hospital nurse—a person to be engaged by any one who needs your services?"

"You are asking more than one question. No; I am not a hospital nurse, nor do I take payment for my services."

"I thought not," murmured the Colonel, with a faint sigh of relief.

It would have shocked him, somehow, to discover that the patient watcher whom he had mistaken now for his lost sister, anon for his false love, was only a hireling after all.

"I wished to perform some duty in the world, being quite alone, and I chose that of attendance on the sick poor. I have never wearied of it yet."

"And have you been long engaged in this good work?"

"Not very long; but you must not talk any more. I must positively forbid that."

The Colonel submitted very reluctantly. He was so eager to know all about this woman—this ministering angel, as he called her in his own mind. He repeated Scott's familiar lines in a low voice as she moved softly about the room making preparations for his evening meal.

Betsy Jane, the fat-faced house-maid, brought the tea-tray.

Mrs. Johns had avoided all actual attendance on the sick-room of late, offended by the nurse's stand-offishness. The Colonel did not want her, she said. He had that fine lady with her popish head-gear.

Mrs. Chapman arranged the tea-things on the table by the bed—the small, home-baked loaf, the tiny rolls of rich yellow butter, and a noble block of honey-comb on a glass dish. There was a nosegay of autumnal flowers, too, for the embellishment of the table; and altogether Herbert Benyon fancied that innocent repast the most tempting banquet that had ever been spread for him.

"Please sit there, and pour out my tea," he said, in his weak voice. "But see, you have forgotten your own cup and saucer," he added, looking at the table.

"I will drink my tea presently."

"You must drink it now, with me, or I will drink none."

She complied; it was not worth while arguing with him about such a trifle. She brought the second cup and saucer, and sat where he ordered her. He looked at her very often as he sipped the tea she had poured out for him, and ate bread and honey, like the queen in the famous nursery rhyme. He looked at her, wondering what her life had been, with an intense curiosity only possible to a prisoner in a sick-room. He would have given the world to question her farther; but that was forbidden, to say nothing of the impertinence of such a proceeding. He was fain to lie there, and look at her with fixed dreamy eyes, speculating idly about her and her history.

The patient had taken a turn, and the doctors rejoiced exceedingly; but his progress even now was very slow. He lay for four long weeks almost as helpless as a child, attended upon day and night by Mrs. Chapman and a young man out of the stables, a handy young fellow, whose genius had been developed by the exigences of the case, and who made a very decent amateur valet. How he should have endured this dreary time without Mrs. Chapman's care and companionship, Herbert Benyon could not imagine. She brightened the dismal monotony of the sick-room, and lightened his burden for him more than words could tell, and yet she was by no means what any one would call a lively person. Indeed, after that close companionship of many weeks, Colonel Benyon could not remember ever having seen her smile. But her presence had an influence upon him that was better than commonplace cheerfulness. She read to him, and the low sweet voice was like music. She talked to him, and every word helped to reveal the wealth of a highly cultivated mind. With such a companion life could not be irksome, even in a sick-room.

Before the fourth week of that first stage of his convalescence was ended Colonel Benyon had made many efforts to learn his nurse's history, but had failed utterly in the endeavor.

"My story is common enough," she told him once, when he said that he was convinced there was some romance in her life. "I have lost all that I ever loved, and am obliged to interest myself in strangers."

"You are very young to be a widow," said the Colonel. "Had you been long married when Mr. Chapman died?"

A sudden look of pain came into her face.

"Not very long. Please do not ask me to recall my past life. My history is the history of the dead."

After this he could not push his curiosity farther, but he was not a little tormented by his desire to know more. In the dead of the night he lay awake saying to himself, "Who the deuce could this Chapman have been to leave his wife in such a desolate position? and what has become of her own relations? I would stake my chances of promotion that she is a lady by birth, but how comes a lady to be left to carry out such a Quixotic scheme as this sick-nursing business?" For to the Colonel's mundane mind the nursing of the sick poor seemed an eccentric and abnormal employment for a well-bred young woman—above all, for a beautiful woman like this widow, with the classic profile and luminous gray eyes.

As soon as the Colonel was strong enough to totter from his bed to a sofa Dr. Matson suggested a change of quarters.

"You must get nearer the sea," he said; "this flowery dell is all very well in its way; and you certainly do get a sniff of the Atlantic mixed with the perfume of your roses. But I should like to plant you somewhere on the very edge of the ocean. There is a decent inn at Penjudah, now, directly facing the sea, built almost upon the beach; a homely place enough, but where you will get very good treatment. I think we might move you there with advantage."

The Colonel groaned.

"I don't feel strong enough to be moved from one room to another," he said.

"I dare say not. There is a good deal of prostration still, no doubt; but the change would do you a world of good. We must manage it somehow—contrive some kind of ambulance, and carry you in a recumbent position. Mrs. Chapman will go with you, of course."

The Colonel's face brightened at this suggestion.

"Would you go?" he asked, looking at his nurse.

"Of course she would. She's not done with you yet, by any means. You are not going to slip out of our hands for some little time, I assure you, Colonel Benyon," said Dr. Matson, with professional jocosity.

"I do not wish; I am quite content to remain an invalid," replied the Colonel, looking at his nurse and not at his doctor.

The physician saw the look.

"Bless my soul," he said to himself, "is that the way the cat jumps? The Colonel's friends won't thank me for getting him such a good nurse if he winds up by marrying her. That look was very suspicious."

The doctor had his way. The chief inn at Penjudah was quite empty at this late period of the year; and the best rooms—old-fashioned capacious chambers facing the sea—were at the patient's disposal. So one fine morning, in the beginning of November, while the reddened leaves in this mild western country still lingered on the trees, Colonel Benyon left Trewardell, which had been a somewhat unlucky shelter, it seemed.

Even on that last morning busy Mrs. Johns scarcely caught so much as a glimpse of the nurse's face; but just at the final moment, when the Colonel had been made comfortable in the carriage, wrapped up to the eyes in woolen rugs and tiger-skins, Mrs. Chapman turned and held out her hand to the housekeeper. She had her veil down—a thick black veil—and she wore a close black bonnet of a somewhat by-gone fashion.

"Good-by, Mrs. Johns," she said, in her low plaintive voice. "This is the last time I shall ever see Trewardell. Please shake hands before I go away."

There was something that seemed almost humility in her tone. The housekeeper drew herself up rather stiffly, quite taken by surprise; and then, in the next moment, her good nature got the better of her resentment, and she took the proffered hand. What a slender little hand it seemed in the grasp of Sarah Johns's stout fingers!

"I'm sure I bear you no malice, mum," she said, "though you have kept yourself so much to yourself, as if other folks weren't good enough for you; and if you like to walk over from Penjudah any fine afternoon to take a cup of tea with me and my husband, you'll be heartily welcome. There's always a bit of cold meat and an apple-pasty in the house."

"You are very kind; but I feel somehow that I shall never see Trewardell again. May I gather one of those late roses? Thanks; I should like to take one away."

She went to one of the standard rose-trees on the lawn, and gathered one solitary tea-rose—a pale primrose-colored flower—a melancholy-looking blossom, the Colonel thought, when she took her seat in the carriage with this rose in her hand.

"I don't like to see you with that pale yellow flower," he said. "It reminds me of asphodel, and seems symbolical of death. I should like to do away with that ugly black bonnet, and crown you with a garland of bright red roses, the emblems of renewed youth and hope."

She looked at him with sad, earnest eyes.

"I have done with youth," she said, "and with hope, except—"

"Except what?" he asked, eagerly.

"Except a hope that I do not care to talk about—the hope of something beyond this earth."

After this the Colonel was silent. There was something in those grave words that sounded like a reproof.

Mrs. Johns stood in the porch watching the carriage drive away with a thoughtful countenance. "What was it in her voice just now that gave me the shivers?" she said to herself, perplexed in spirit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Alas that people are forced to be somewhat suspicious as a matter of protection! What a pity that we can not always rest in the delightful belief that every one may be trusted to do right! But the truth is that every one needs to look after his own affairs, not with *unkind* suspicion, but with a wise knowledge of human nature and of facts. Human nature is selfish; and facts show that many dwelling-houses in cities, left by their owners in charge of those whom they deem trusty, are put to strange uses during their absence. Nobody wants to have his dining-room given up to convivialities without his knowledge, nor his parlor made a rendezvous for men in dirty clothes, smoking dirtier pipes, nor even to have his kitchen turned into a general laundry for the working community of the vicinity. But if some absent citizens should suddenly drop into their elegant city mansions, they might find unexpected revelations. Absentees need not be unnecessarily alarmed; but prudence suggests that to some responsible friend, or police officer, there be given a general oversight of vacated dwellings. This is simply a needful protection, not only against servants who may prove unfaithful to their charge, but also against burglars, who are always on the watch for deserted houses.

Are we all liable to be arrested in our own homes, and carried without explanation to a lunatic asylum? From recent developments it is to be feared that few of us are sane enough to be entirely secure from being thus summarily deprived of our liberty.

The road up the Catskill Mountains is said to be a private one, and is fenced in. Every thing that is fenced in has to be paid for. At the various gates a toll must be paid, and at the foot of the mountain an old man swings back a pole, and admits a carriage for seventy-five cents. There are sundry falls of water; but generally the water is dammed up, and turned on for the benefit of visitors at a fixed price.

Two more cases of accident from playing with fire-arms. They are becoming so common that we shall cease to make a record of them soon. The first case was where one Mrs. Murphy, of San Francisco, playfully pointed a revolver at the head of a little girl. Of course she thought it was not loaded. But it was. Moreover, it went off. Furthermore, the little girl was shot dead. Second case: a boy of thirteen, while in a shooting-gallery in New York city, took a rifle (which, of course, he thought unloaded) from the rack, and pointing it playfully at a little girl four years old, said, "I will shoot you." He did shoot her, and she died. Who wants to have an "unloaded" piece of fire-arms pointed at him in jest?

Report of a city youth who went to a farm-house to seek health. He had blistered his hands hoeing corn; torn the seat out of a pair of twenty-dollar pants at a picnic; one eye was blackened from attempting to draw water with an "old oaken bucket" and a crank; his forehead was frescoed with mosquito bites; a stone bruise gave him the Alexandria limp; he was freckled like the leopard, and had been sun-struck four times. He had an "elegant" time otherwise.

What causes that distressing disease dyspepsia? It may have a variety of origins, but one prominent excitant is excessive and hasty eating. Almost all men eat more than they ought; most eat too fast. In the midst of commercial anxiety, literary irritation, or moral vexation a man will sit down and eat ravenously, his plate filled with every variety that the table affords. The next day he feels uneasy, and wonders what is the matter. In a month or two he finds he has the dyspepsia, which lingers about him for years, and affects his mind. All things are bright when you have eaten enough; they are gloomy when you have eaten too much.

The scenery on the St. Lawrence River is almost unrivaled. Thousands of English and American tourists visit Canada every year, and enjoy the beautiful panorama spread out before them as they wind through the Thousand Islands—one of the most charming sails in the world—*en route* for Montreal and Quebec.

The "Hot Springs of the Ouachita," known to the Indians hundreds of years ago as the "Waters of Life," are situated on the western slope of the Hot Spring Mountain, one of the Ozark group, at an elevation of 1360 feet above the level of the sea. There are fifty-six springs, varying in temperature from 93° to 150° Fahrenheit. Many remarkable cures are believed to have been effected by the use of the waters, which are used both internally and externally. The season extends from April to December, the nights always being cool in that part of Arkansas even when the days are hot.

It is difficult to realize the remarkable story of the rise and fall of the Communists of France. History has been too swift for us to take proper note of events. We have a general idea concerning the second siege of Paris, but what do we know about the present condition of the actors in this tragedy? It is said that many of the generals of the Commune walk the streets of London in abject poverty—mere beggars.

It is quite useless to attempt to clothe one's self in a "becoming" bathing costume. However pretty it may look before you go into the water, you emerge from the salt sea waves dripping, drenched, and shrunken. Bathing-hats are always hideous affairs, and people look so much alike in the water, that extra efforts in the way of dress are not appreciated. Pretty contrasting colors make the most picturesque suits.

Scores of sad cases of destitution are disclosed every day by those who are seeking to relieve sick children in poor families. In a tenement-house in Five Points—old, broken-down, and shabby—there was found a room containing three families. One of the mothers held an infant a day old in her arms, and was not only unable to provide medical assistance for herself, which was much needed, but could not even obtain food enough to keep herself and the little infant from starving. In a rear house in Delancey Street was found a widow with six children, the youngest, about two years old, being sick from the heat. At the time the visitor called there was not a morsel of food in the house, nor did the widow expect to get any until the next night, when she would take home the articles of clothing which she had to "wash and get up." In another house, in Baxter Street, where 286 persons are literally "packed," was found a widow with a family of six children, two of whom suffer from sickness. The mother pays $8 a month for the room in which they try to eke out an existence.

About 25,000 bricks are laid each day on the new post-office in this city. Between 250 and 300 men are employed, and it is believed that the entire exterior of the edifice will be completed by next New-Year's Day. It is hoped that the building will be ready for occupancy by January 1, 1874.

All articles designed for the great exhibition at Vienna should be addressed, "To the Director-General of the World's Fair at Vienna, 1873." The commissioners at Vienna are especially desirous that the United States, a country so famous for its mechanism, should occupy a prominent place in the exposition, and United States Commissioner General T. B. Van Buren has been requested to place the plans before the inventors and manufacturers of our country, and impress upon them the advantages to be gained by placing their productions upon exhibition in the great international exposition in Vienna. An assistant commissioner will be at Vienna to receive, unpack, and locate all articles forwarded from the United States, the expenses of which must be borne by the exhibitor. Early application to General Van Buren is necessary, as he is compelled to forward to the director-general on or before the 1st of October next a complete list of all the articles to be exhibited. The Austrian government has made arrangements with the steamship lines for a reduction in freight of all exhibition articles, and it is expected that the railroad companies on the other side will also reduce their charges for the occasion. The government has commenced the work in earnest, and the chance of exhibiting articles invented by citizens of the United States should not be lost. It is expected that medals will be awarded to the inventors and manufacturers on the same principle as adopted in London in 1851.

A novel trip was recently made from Rogue River to San Francisco in what is called a cigar-boat. The boat was found several months ago upon the shore of Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, where it had been washed by the tide. It was believed to have drifted down from some northern coast. It is twenty-two feet in length, strongly built of wood resembling white cedar, and the timbers are held together by iron hoops, which encircle the hull in barrel fashion. This little craft will hold but one man. The hull is entirely closed, except at one place, amidships, where is an oblong hole, about five feet in length. In this the navigator can sit and work the boat, and, if he feels inclined, sleep. A small store of provisions can also be stowed away in this place. One Alexander Goodenough, desiring to visit friends in San Francisco, fitted up the cigar-boat, and in it accomplished a voyage which he estimates at 1500 miles. He was four days out of sight of land, and is enthusiastic in his praise of the seaworthiness and speed of his little boat.

Brooklyn has established a "Fresh-Air Fund," and the poor children of that city are rejoicing in health-giving excursions. Nothing is more evident than that a benevolent, sympathetic spirit is contagious. One city after another is following the example of New York.

By-and-by we shall come to understand what the contract is which is made between a railroad company and an individual by the purchase of a ticket. The courts in some of the States have determined that a ticket sold for a certain distance on any line is good for six years. A Boston court recently went a little further, and decided that a ticket sold to a man to take him from New Haven to New York will also take him in the opposite direction from New York to New Haven, and a man who was put off a train because he insisted on having a ride when he had paid for one has obtained a verdict for $5200.

A dozen secrets of health are: 1. Keep warm. 2. Eat regularly and slowly. 3. Maintain regular bodily habits. 4. Take early and very light suppers. 5. Keep a clean skin. 6. Get plenty of sleep at night. 7. Keep cheerful and respectable company. 8. Keep out of debt. 9. Don't set your mind on things you don't need. 10. Mind your own business. 11. Subdue curiosity. 12. Avoid drugs.

A new method of carving wood has been introduced into Paris. It consists in passing the wood through rolls or matrix cylinders, whereby any desired pattern is impressed upon the surface with a delicacy and effect that compare favorably with the work of skilled carvers, and at a cost almost nominal. The process is a rapid one.

The Shaker settlement at Niskayuna, Schenectady County, New York, is unlike an ordinary village. It has no store, shop, lawyer's office, nor druggist's laboratory. The four colonies into which the settlement is divided live nearly a mile from each other. The buildings are commodious, comfortable, and scrupulously neat. No attempt is made at architectural display; yet the Shakers evidently love the beautiful, and will combine it, if possible, with the useful. Each colony has an office for the transaction of public business, and a leader who has power to manage the affairs of the society. The Shakers here have amassed considerable wealth, yet no one claims any thing as his own. All things are possessed in common.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The announcement, a year or two ago, of the purchase by an American of the celebrated Hay Collection of Egyptian antiquities, at the time on exhibition at the Crystal Palace in London, created quite a sensation in England, in view of its intrinsic value and the desire which had been manifested to procure it for the British Museum.

In the increasing rarity of objects of this kind, resulting from the great demand on the part of national museums throughout the world, it is believed quite unlikely that such a collection will again be brought together. Its richness in mummies, objects in bronze, marble, alabaster, etc., together with those of smaller size usually found in Egyptian tombs and elsewhere, is very great. While this collection does not embrace many statues or immense sarcophagi, it is believed to be, in the completeness of its series of the smaller objects of religious and domestic Egyptian antiquity, not inferior to the best collections of Paris, London, Berlin, or Leyden.

It was purchased by Mr. Samuel A. Way, of Boston, and removed to that city and offered to the Museum of Fine Arts, under certain conditions, which the directors did not think best to accept. At the death of Mr. Way, however, it passed into the possession of Mr. Charles Granville Way, himself an artist of merit, who has in turn offered it to the same establishment without condition, other than that it is to be kept in a room by itself and to be called the Way Collection. This stipulation was gladly agreed to, and the collection accepted by the trustees, and its treasures will doubtless before long be opened to the public.

It is a fact not generally known among ethnologists that the Indians along the Colorado River and elsewhere in Arizona and California make use of an instrument shaped almost precisely like the Australian boomerang. This instrument, as used in Australia, consists of a flat piece of wood, bent with one or two gentle curves nearly in the same plane, and generally with a slight twist. It requires great skill to use this weapon with effect; but the Australians perform great feats in knocking down and killing objects of the chase with it. The American boomerang, however, lies more commonly in one plane, instead of being slightly twisted, and is principally used by the Indians in killing rabbits, in which they acquire very great skill.

Specimens of this implement, obtained from the Yuma Indians by Dr. Edward Palmer, are in the ethnological department of the National Museum at the Smithsonian Institution.

A very large shell heap, of over an eighth of an acre in extent, on Parker River, near Newburyport, Massachusetts, was recently plowed up, bringing to light immense numbers of shells, bones of animals, portions of a human skeleton, and numerous implements of stone, bone, etc. This will probably furnish an excellent opportunity for the members of the Essex Institute, of Salem, and of the Peabody Academy of Science to make valuable additions to their stock of ethnological objects.

Mr. Gregory, the new governor of Ceylon, proposes to make use of his position in stimulating investigations into the natural history of the island, and will appoint a zoological curator to the Colombo Museum, with special reference to this object.

The Austrian north polar expedition, under Payer and Weyprecht, set sail from Bremen on the 13th of June on the iron steamer *Admiral Tegethoff*, and a farewell banquet, at which Dr. Petermann was present, was given to the members of the expedition.

Albert Gaudry, the well-known author of the work upon the paleontology of Mount Pikermy, in Greece, and of other memoirs, has been nominated as Professor of Paleontology in the Museum of Natural History of Paris. Charles Sainte-Claire Deville has been appointed inspector-general of the meteorological stations of France; while Marié-Davy becomes chief of the service of meteorological and terrestrial physics.

Lieutenant Markham, of the Royal Navy, has communicated to the Geographical Society of London a paper upon the New Hebrides and Santa Cruz islands, in the Southwest Pacific, visited by him in the *Rosario* between the months of October, 1871, and February, 1872. The islands lie in a north-northwest and south-southeast direction, and contain some of the most continuously active volcanoes on the surface of the globe. The volcanic cones may be traced in a linear direction for 600 miles. The islands are remarkable for the absence of coral reefs around them, which is attributed by Dana to the destruction of the zoophytes by the heat produced by marine eruptions. Lieutenant Markham ascended the volcano of Gosowa, on the island of Tauna, and watched an eruption from the edge of the crater. During the intervals between the explosions the sheets of liquid fire seemed to flow back to three distinct openings in the bottom of the funnel-shaped crater; masses of scoriæ were hurled up vertically to a height of 1000 feet. The Melanesian (black, curly-haired) and Polynesian (straight-haired) races appeared to be curiously dovetailed in their distribution throughout the northern portion of these archipelagoes.

Among other interesting discoveries made by the Chilian exploring vessel, the *Chacabuco*, was a lake, previously known to the Jesuits, situated at the foot of Mount San Clemente, on the neck of the peninsula of Paytoo, at the southern end of the Chonos Archipelago. This receives an immense glacier from the mountain that pushes far down into the water in a fan shape, its terminus being a perpendicular wall of blue ice three miles in length, and rising at its lowest parts one hundred feet out of the water.

A comparison made at different points of the Andes, extending over a period of more than a hundred years, is published in *Ausland* for May 13, which shows that the chain has measurably diminished, and that the reduction is progressing. Thus Quito was found by La Condamine in 1745 to be 9596 feet above the sea, by Humboldt in 1803 to be 9570 feet, by Boussingault in 1831 9567 feet, by Orton in 1867 9520 feet, and by Reiss and Stübel in 1870 9350 feet. Quito has thus sunk 246 feet in 125 years, and Pichincha 218 feet in the same period. Its crater has sunk 425 feet during the last 26 years, and Antisana 165 feet in 64 years.

Among some collections of specimens of natural history and ethnology lately presented by Governor W. M. F. Arny, of New Mexico, to the Smithsonian Institution were some mastodon remains, which were submitted by Professor Henry to Professor Leidy for examination. These were found to indicate the existence of a very remarkable species of mastodon (*M. obscurus*), very different from the common *M. americanus*, and previously known only by a few fragments from California and a tooth found many years ago in the miocene formation of Maryland.

One peculiarity of this species consists in the existence of enamel on the tusks of the upper jaw, which does not occur in the more modern *americanus*. It also had tusks in the lower jaw, projecting from the prolongation of the jaw, as in the adult of the miocene *Mastodon angustidens* of Europe, and known only in the young animal of *M. americanus*.

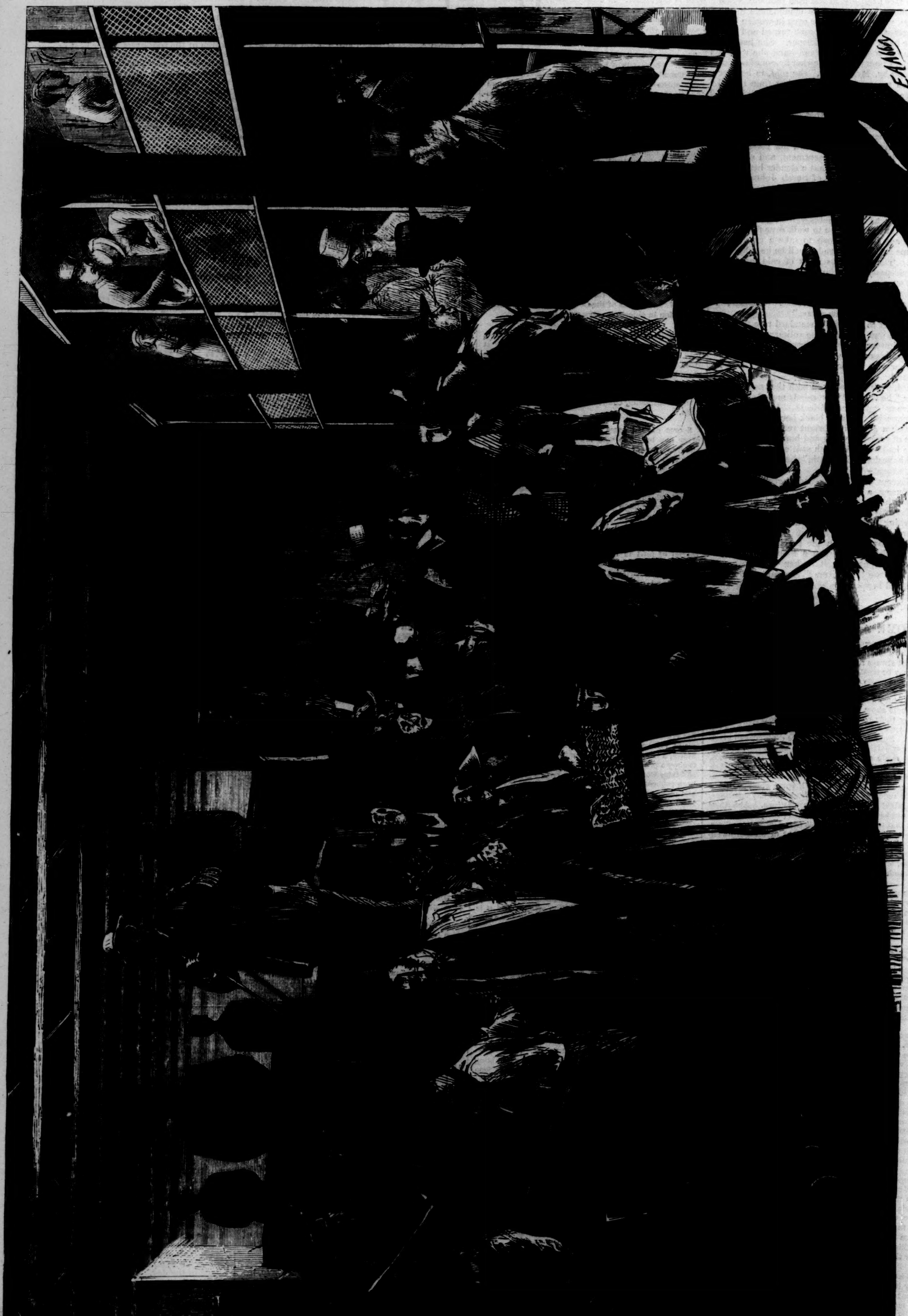
The specimen referred to will be figured by Professor Leidy in his forth-coming report to Dr. Hayden on the vertebrate fossils of the Western Territories.

An editorial in the New York *Herald*, written evidently by one who has excellent opportunities of knowing, furnishes some indication of the plans of the Navy Department in carrying out the appropriation of Congress directing a systematic survey of the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The necessity of this has been urged upon Congress for many years by the department, in view of the increasing interests of American commerce, and of the number of dangerous islands and reefs that require a careful survey and record.

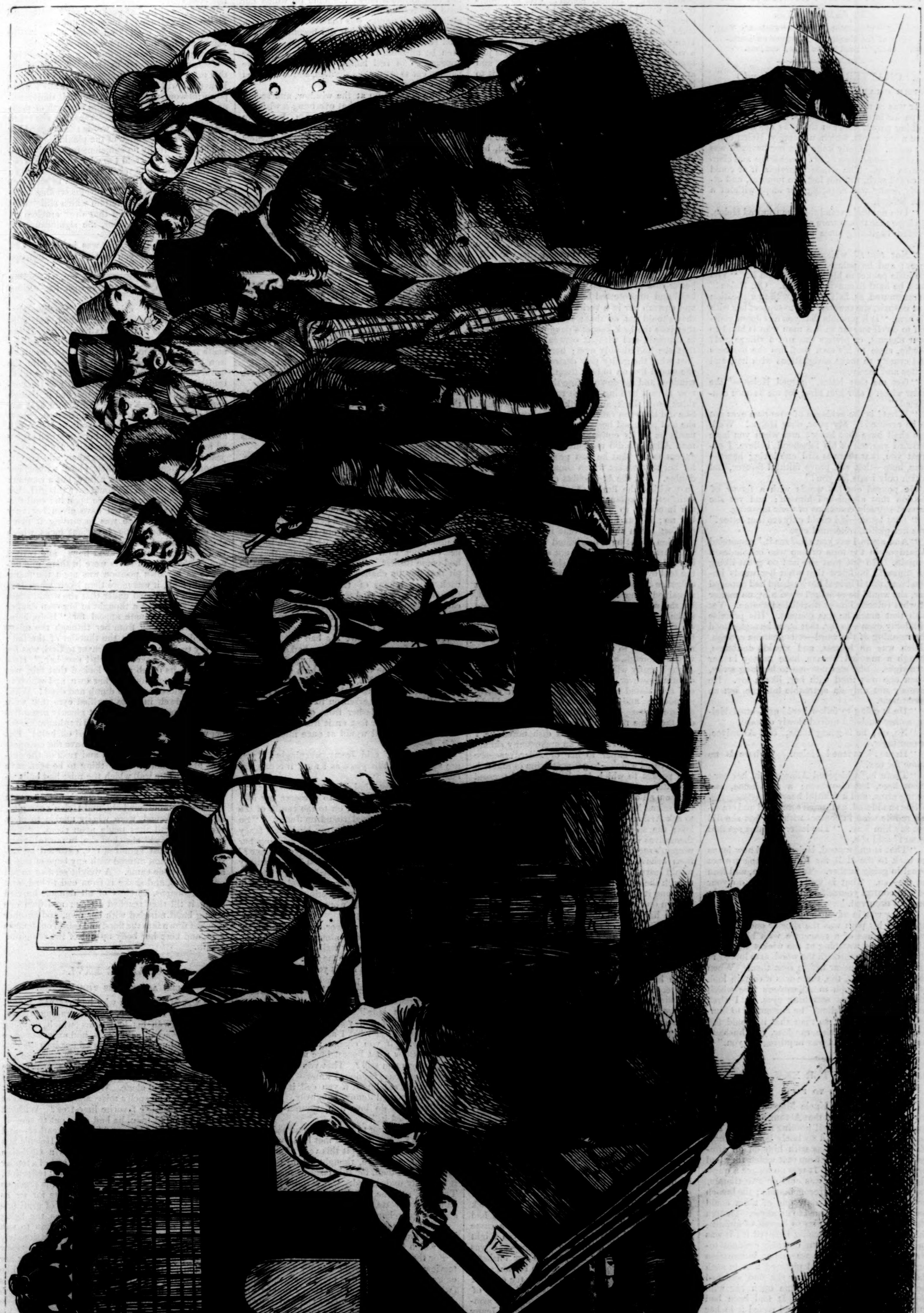
Commodore Wyman, chief of the Hydrographic Office, is now engaged in planning the work; and it is understood that the first effort will be to survey that part of the Pacific running from the coast of Lower California to the northwestern boundaries of the United States, off Alaska and along the Aleutian group of islands, thence southward to the Sandwich Islands. Included in this programme will be the exploration of the sargasso sea lying to the westward of the California coast, and also that of the great ocean current known as the Kuro Siwo, to which the northwest coast of America owes so much of the mildness of its temperature.

After the general survey of the North Pacific it is proposed that the expedition shall return to Honolulu, and thence carefully examine the entire breadth of the ocean, taking belts of latitude of five degrees at a time, and extending the work from the fortieth degree of latitude north to the fortieth degree of south latitude. It is probable that at least ten years will be required for the labor in question, and for which additional appropriations will be needed. We trust that the authorities having this matter in charge will include in the programme of operations a thorough investigation into the natural history as well as the physics of the deeper portions of the Pacific. Within the last five or ten years much attention has been directed to these subjects, and the brilliant results obtained by the British, German, Swedish, Russian, and other government vessels have tended to upset previous ideas, and add vastly to our knowledge. The British government will send out one of its vessels this fall to the same ground for the purpose of deep-sea exploration, and it would be very mortifying if our government, which has always taken the lead in enterprises of this kind, should fall short of the expectations of men of science. Dredges of the most approved character, and every variety of apparatus that has been devised and found useful within the past few years, should be supplied, and trained experts should be invited to accompany the expedition, so as to secure the best possible results. It is not necessary to make voluminous collections of natural history on such expeditions, as the most interesting objects are usually those that can be compassed in a small space; and whatever the Navy Department may do in this direction will be gladly received as an earnest of its sympathy with the scientific movements of the day.

It is, of course, to be presumed that nothing will be omitted in the way of deep-sea thermometers, current indicators, etc., such as belong to the more purely physical portions of the research; and but little additional outlay would include the material for completing the research in every possible direction.



THE SUMMER EXODUS—LEAVING BY STEAMBOAT.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 654.]



THE SUMMER EXODUS.—LATE ARRIVALS.—From a Sketch by W. B. Myers.—[See Page 654.]

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(*Continued.*)

THE CHALK-PIT—THE UPPER PATH.

It was at this moment that Jenny put the little packet into Arthur's hands. Except for that, nothing passed between them, as has been said, save a few words, which, unhappily, Helen could not catch. She only knew that her husband was speaking—doubtless of his treacherous and clandestine love. The whole interview, if it could be called such, did not last two minutes, and already Jenny was retracing her steps without a look behind.

"I do not understand this," murmured Helen, the hope that things were not so bad as they had seemed beginning once more to dawn within her.

"Nor *that?*" whispered Allardyce, with a sneer; and he pointed to Arthur as he raised the little packet to his lips and kissed it. "You must be hard to convince indeed. Oh, Helen!" he murmured, as, half fainting with mortification and despair, she suffered him to support her with his arm, "is it possible that you can doom yourself to dwell forever with a man who is blind to your charms, or prefers those of a village girl!—who, close to his own roof, has the baseness and cruelty to make assignations with her, and writes and receives—"

"Get me that letter," gasped Helen—"the letter which I saw him kiss; let me be once convinced!"

"What! is the evidence of your own eyes not to be credited? My poor, dear Helen! Well, you shall have that letter; and when you have certified yourself of his falsehood, believe, I entreat you, that there is still one loving heart—here, here—that will prove faithful forever, and which only beats for you!"

He poured out his words with a fervor of passion that astonished himself; and yet she seemed scarcely conscious of their meaning.

"That letter—if I could only see that letter!" was her pitiful, reiterated cry.

"And again I say you *shall* see it," responded Allardyce, in the tone of one who concludes a bargain. He felt that she had no great liking for himself; he knew that what her words implied was, that if indeed her husband had wronged her, she would be revenged upon him, no matter at what ruinous loss or disrelished shame. Yet with that much he was content. His promise of fidelity even—so far, that is, as he understood the meaning of the word—was genuine enough. Helen was an heiress, and would, doubtless, though a married woman, have money in her own right. She was not one to be flung away, when one was tired with her, like a toy. He foresaw not only an agreeable intrigue, but an investment.

"He is going to follow her!" exclaimed Helen, as her husband moved slowly onward.

"No, no; he is going home," said Allardyce, reassuringly.

"Home!" moaned Helen. "There is no home for me!"

"There is," whispered Allardyce in her ear; "not here, but elsewhere; a new home, and loving arms, and a faithful heart!"

She shuddered, as though some cold and crawling reptile were in contact with her, but she did not say him Nay. "The letter—I must see that letter!" said she.

"That is understood, Helen. And now let us go back to the Hall, for I am sure you are not equal to going farther. Take my arm, and lean on me—so. That is well: you must do your best to control yourself, and act as though nothing had occurred."

Arthur was in advance of them by some minutes, and his path was the shorter one, so there was no chance of a rencontre with him. But Uncle Magus, watching at the wicket gate, saw the pair coming through the wood, arm linked in arm, as he had never before seen them. When they came nearer, too, there was a certain look of subdued triumph in Allardyce's face which did not escape his searching eyes. "I shall have to shoot that fellow," he murmured to himself. "Well, better so than that it should fall to Arthur's lot— Helen, my dear, your husband has just come in, and was inquiring for you."

CHAPTER XXV.

FACE TO FACE.

Whether or not Uncle Magus had piously invented the statement that Arthur had been asking for his wife mattered nothing to Helen. The scene to which she had so lately been a witness had placed her relations with him on an altogether different footing from that which they had occupied an hour ago. It was no longer a question as to whether he was cold or affectionate, indifferent or eager for reconciliation; the breach between them, though only one of them could see it, had already widened to an abyss. Though she had often accused him to herself of unfaithfulness, she had not in reality believed it: it was rather to excuse her own unwifely conduct toward him, and to keep warm her indignation against him, that she had pictured him in such dark colors: and now that she had satisfied herself of his perfidy, it came upon her with the shock of a revelation. It had been bad enough—"intolerable," she had called it in her own mind—to imagine herself an injured wife, but to *know* that she was so—that was wormwood. Her whole being revolted against the insult that had been put upon her; wrath and shame consumed her. If she had heard her husband calling, "Helen! Helen!" ever so tenderly, she would but have scorned him for his hypocrisy; if he had met her with a smile of welcome, she would have only set it down, with Hamlet, "that one may smile and smile and be a villain." But, as it happened, Arthur was just beginning a late lunch in the dining-room, and at this supreme moment (had he but known it to be so!) was dividing his mind upon the respective merits of cold beef and pigeon-pie.

Shut fast in her own chamber, Helen recalled his looks, his acts, his motions, as she had seen them from her post of espial above the chalk-pit, and each of them was fuel to her rage. She had cast her bonnet and mantle on the ground, but even thus she felt oppressed and feverish; and though the sun was low and the wind keen, she flung wide the window, and sat beside it, gazing out upon the river with heated eyes. How long she sat there she knew not, but through her passionate and vengeful thoughts stole at last a sense of shivering cold, which warned her she was committing a great imprudence. The mists were rising from the stream, and curling above the tree-tops, and the thunder of the lasher was dulled in passing through them. What cared she, however, for cold and mist, or, rather, was it not better that they should stream in upon her bare head and unprotected bosom thus—and thus—and enwrap her in a veritable shroud? But no; they should not do that; for if she should die, that jade the lock-keeper's daughter would wear in triumph, and without concealment, the prize that she had already won; her death would be just what the guilty pair desired, and therefore she would live on to balk them. She closed the window, and sat down before the fire, which was now always burning in the room, once more to think, and think, and think upon her wrongs. She did not even reflect upon the revenge which she had promised herself, momentous as it must needs be in its consequences to herself. The man Allardyce did not enter into her thoughts, except so far that he had promised to procure for her that packet which should resolve all her doubts. For she *had* doubts even still. It was just within the limits of possibility that some satisfactory explanation might yet be offered of the interview to which she had been witness; but no; it was folly to believe *that:* her only comfort lay in the hope that this discreditable flirtation might have originated with Jenny, not with Arthur; that it might not as yet have gone beyond flirtation; and that she might nip it in the bud by some sharp, decisive action. The indulgence of this hope was the only evidence that remained to her that she still loved her husband, for she was not ignorant of human nature, and if she had had to form an independent judgment on the matter, she would have set down the blame to the man rather than the woman. But now she clung to the idea that her Arthur was a victim—though, alas! not an unwilling one—to Jenny's crafty wiles. She would know that for certain, however, only when she had made herself acquainted with a specimen of their correspondence; and in the mean time how should she endure the suspense? How should she live under the same roof, and sharing bed and board, with this man who had thus dishonored her? How long would it be ere an opportunity should present itself either to her or Allardyce—she scarce cared which—to get possession of that telltale packet to which her husband had pressed his faithless lips?

Then all of a sudden a desperate determination seized her to know the worst at once; not to ask Arthur—for she felt that would be hopeless; the so-called honor on which men pique themselves would prevent him from betraying a woman's secret, though it had not restrained him from behaving treacherously to his wife. She would learn the truth from Jenny's own mouth, though she should have to take her by the throat to wring it from her. The next minute she had thrown on her walking gear, and stood listening at the half-opened door. The house was still, and a faint odor of tobacco in the corridor gave assurance that either her husband or Allardyce (probably both) were in the smoking-room. There was little risk of meeting Uncle Magus, who mostly kept within-doors in his own home when his services as volunteer watch-dog were not required at the Hall. If one of these three, or indeed any member of the household or the village, had seen her, she could not, of course, have escaped recognition; yet she wore a thick veil, put on either mechanically, or as some safeguard against that danger which, but a few minutes ago, she had so rashly courted. Quickly, yet noiselessly, she descended the stairs, and passing through one of the sitting-rooms, the windows of which opened on the lawn, she left the house unobserved, and started for the lock. The fog had increased, and was advancing from the river in a solid wall. Once within it, however, she could see a little, and, besides, there was the noise of the lasher to guide her. But her path was not without its peril, for the little bridge she had to cross was very narrow, and slimy with the damp, and how easy (thought she) would it have been to slip over its unprotected side into the sheer dark lock! That would give them pause, those two! Their consciences would surely prick them when they came to know that she had watched their interview that day ere she came here to end all. But perhaps Allardyce might not disclose it to them, and perhaps—she was here now to discover it—perhaps her husband might not be so very, very much to blame. She crossed the bridge, and approaching the cottage, pressed her face close to the diamond panes of the parlor window. Old Jacob was in his armchair by the hearth, apparently asleep; Jenny sat at the table with a book before her, but looking at the fire pensively. How very beautiful she was! If she had been a lady (thought Helen), it would have been no wonder that she should have attracted any man; nay, she did not *look* unlike a lady; the hand on which her head was resting was white and shapely, and her attire, though simple, was tasteful and becoming. She knew, of course, what did become her, and took care to wear it; her very simplicity might even be affected, in order to contrast with the appearance of real ladies, and so to— Here passion cut short these strictures, and she tapped softly on the glass.

Jenny glanced up at the window, and seeing only the curtain of fog that overhung it without, turned her eyes again toward the fire, they were tearful eyes, as Helen now noticed, and had a weary, hopeless look in them; but then their owner had not seen Arthur kiss that packet: if she had, they would doubtless be triumphant enough; this jade did not know that her wanton wiles had made such way with him as they really had.

Helen tapped again, and this time very sharply. Old Jacob stirred and murmured, "Mother of Sherry!"—like a good Catholic who, roused from sleep, calls on a saint or two—then sunk into a sounder slumber than before. Jenny rose and came to the window.

"Come out!" motioned Helen, imperiously; "I must speak with you."

Jenny put on the bonnet and shawl which lay on a chair beside her, and let herself softly out. Her face had grown very pale, but she did not look afraid, as the other had expected; the tones, too, were quite firm in which she said, "Will you not come into the parlor, madam?"

"No," answered Helen. "I want to speak with you alone, where no one can hear us."

"There is my own bedroom, madam; there is a fire there."

"No," reiterated the other, even more curtly than before. "Take me somewhere outside, out of ear-shot and eye-shot."

"There is the lasher, madam," suggested Jenny; "few people cross it, especially in this weather—"

"That will do," said Helen, interrupting her. "Take me there."

"It is very foggy, madam; you had best keep close to me." She would have offered her hand had her visitor been any other woman; but she well knew that this one would have rejected it. She had nothing to reproach herself with, yet she could not but be aware, from Helen's tone and manner, that it was to reproach her—to impugn her conduct with respect to Arthur—that she had come thither. They had met in the chalk-pit that day by chance, and she had given him back those tokens of their old love she had thought it wrong to keep, and which she had carried about with her for weeks in case such an opportunity should occur; there had been no harm in that, surely! This woman had won him from her, and possessed him; *she* had not been forgotten and forsaken; what cause had *she* for fancying herself aggrieved and wronged? Jenny stopped under the lime-tree, which was her favorite haunt, but, "No," said Helen; "here people may come upon us without our seeing them."

She led the way herself on to the broad plank that spanned the lasher from end to end. If any one should put foot on it from either bank, its tremulous recoil would at once inform them of it.

"Be careful," said Jenny, warningly; "you are not used to this place as I am, it is dangerous."

"You are most kind," returned Helen, scornfully; "and very anxious to preserve my life, no doubt." She walked on to the centre of the plank, and then turned round on Jenny. "So this is the face that caught my husband's fancy in his boyhood, is it," said she, regarding her with great disfavor, "and has kept it ever since?"

Jenny's cheeks flushed crimson, but, strangely enough, anger was not her predominant feeling: looking at this woman, her successful rival, face to face, she could not help reflecting what a coarse, passionate expression it wore, and how unlike a gentlewoman's.

"You had better answer me," said Helen, menacingly. That cold, almost contemptuous, gaze of Jenny's made her well-nigh frantic.

"What would you have me say?" said Jenny. "It is quite true that in his youth the man who is now your husband proffered love to me. Do you come here to taunt me because he forsook me for yourself?"

"Impudent jade!" cried Helen. "Don't speak of myself and you as though we were equals, but answer what I ask. Has he *kept* his fancy?—love, if you choose to call it so, who can not know what honest love means. I say, does he love you still? That you love *him*, after your low, base fashion, I know—"

"You do *not* know, if you call it mean and base," interrupted Jenny, haughtily.

"Then you do love him, wanton girl; you have confessed it."

"I have nothing to confess," returned Jenny.

"What! Not that you met him by appointment in yonder chalk-pit this very afternoon?"

She saw us there, thought Jenny; there is some excuse, then, for this insolent fury, though it is wholly undeserved. "It is quite true, Mrs. Tyndall," said she, calmly, "that I met your husband, as you state, but it was not by design. We scarcely interchanged a word, and—and—"

"You hesitate, girl; you are about to tell a lie! What was in that packet you gave him, and which I saw him kiss?"

For the first time throughout this terrible interview Jenny trembled; not for fear, but because she heard from that most trusty messenger (when an unwilling one), a rival's tongue, that Arthur had kissed the token she had returned him of his ancient love. He might not love her still—it was not right he should do so—but he at least entertained a tender recollection of those departed days in which her own hopes and happiness lay buried. And this woman, who had lost nothing and had gained all, grudged her even that!

"What was in that packet, I say?" reiterated Helen. "Tell me; I insist on knowing!"

"You never shall!" answered Jenny—"at least from my lips; you have no right—"

"Right! you dare say that to me?" cried Helen, seizing her fiercely by the wrist. "Tell me this instant, or I will fling you in the river; by Heaven, I will!" She was not naturally a more powerful woman than Jenny, but that short madness, passion, had lent her the strength of madness. "Tell me, tell me!" repeated she; and with each iteration of the words she dragged her rival nearer to the edge of the plank.

There was really no sufficient reason why Jenny should not have told her what the packet contained, but her pride rebelled against doing so on compulsion; perhaps, too, it seemed to her a sort of sacrilege to speak to this furious scoffing woman about those old love-letters which still "kept their green" for her, and that dear emblem of fidelity, the golden anchor, the significance of which had been so belied.

"Will you tell me what was in that packet, you slut, or will you not?" cried frenzied Helen.

"I will not!" answered Jenny, struggling vainly on the slippery plank with her furious enemy.

"Then drown!" cried Helen, passionately; and in another instant, half pushed, half slipping, Jenny was in the hurrying stream. It ran beneath the plank like a mill-race, and underneath it escaped into the roaring fall through an iron grating. The strongest swimmer in the world once beaten against that would have sunk, bruised and battered; and so swift was the current that Jenny's feet already touched it, though her hands clutched at the plank, and held her head above the stream for a single instant. Short as the space was, however, repentant Helen had already thrown herself upon her knees and grasped her drowning rival by the hair. Hate, anger, jealousy, had taken flight together, and horror, remorse, already filled their place within her breast; she was no longer a fury, but a woman: she felt, even though she could save this girl, that the guilt of murder would lie upon her soul forever; and yet she would have given her very life to save her. She was hazarding it now: she clung to those long, luxuriant locks, which she had loathed but a moment since for their rich beauty, as to her dearest hope; and twined and twisted as her fingers were in them, and unstable as her own position was upon the foam-flecked plank, it was more than likely when Jenny should be carried under that she would share her fate. But not a thought of her own danger urged that passionate appeal for "Help, help, help!" which rang from her through the misty air, and shrilled above the thunder of the fall; her cry to Man, her silent prayer to God, was for Jenny only: "Save her! help! save her!" How terrible in its dumb agony looked that fair, wet face that almost touched her own, and which in a minute more would be dumb and dead! What reproach dwelt in those terrified eyes that were about to close forever! What ghastly memories would that moment leave behind it to haunt her for her whole life long! "Help, help! oh, help!" But there was no answering sound save the ceaseless roar beneath, and the swirl and rush of the current above; nor was any thing to be seen save the damp white wall which the mist had built up around them. In truth, the end was imminent to one, if not to both; for Jenny's fingers could no longer retain their hold, and Helen's energies, already weakened, were wholly unable to meet the double call thus made upon them. "Oh, help, help, help!" shrieked she, in mortal strait, and to that last agonized cry, extorted by despair rather than uttered with any hope of assistance, assistance came. A weight seemed to fall on the plank and shake it from end to end, and rapid footsteps, careless of all danger, hurried along it till they reached Helen; and then one strong hand mingled with her own, and another reached down into the flood and seized on Jenny's arm, and bore her body up out of the clutch of Death.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HELEN ASTONISHES THE RECTOR.

It was Mr. Glyddon who had rescued Jenny, and perhaps Helen also, from the raging stream. He took her in his long arms (which, dripping and half drowned as she was, had never borne so welcome a burden), and carried her into the cottage. He had come down thither from the village to see her upon some business, or pretense of business, concerning the choir, and found old Jacob asleep and alone. Was it possible, thought he, that even on such a misty afternoon she might be found near her favorite lime-tree? Without waking the old man, he had gone out to see—if such a word could be used in such weather—and when close to the lasher had heard Helen's last despairing cries. The rector was a Christian gentleman, unselfish (as men run), and of a tender heart; yet he could not avoid the silent reflection, as he strode across the garden with his precious burden, "May not this be fortunate for *me* as well as for her?" To be loved out of gratitude is not so satisfactory, doubtless, as the being loved for ourselves, but it is better than to win no love at all, where we have so passionately sought for it; and ever since that last interview with Jenny he had given up hope of gaining her affections. He had still hovered about her, like a bee around some flower whose blossom affords no honey; pity from her was more dear to him than love from another; and now, if he had won—not her love, but—even the toleration of his suit by loving service, he would be content indeed. She had given him one feeble glance of thankfulness when he had lifted her from the stream, but immediately afterward had become unconscious; and he had treasured up that look in his soul to comfort him forever.

"How did this happen?" inquired he, as he hurried with her across the misty lawn, with Helen close beside him.

Ah, how *did* it happen? For the first time the gravity of the occurrence, as it concerned herself, flashed on Helen's mind. If Jenny should denounce her, her position would be critical indeed. It would be difficult, considering their mutual relation, even to show that she had not gone down to the lock with a malicious, perhaps murderous intention, and still more so to deny what really was the fact, that in a moment of exasperation she had pushed her supposed rival into the river. But, in truth, she did not at present think of defending herself against the latter charge. She was still penitent for what she had done, or rather for what she had so nearly done, and was content to suffer for it; but her dislike to the girl, which had vanished while she was endeavoring to rescue her, had already returned, though not with its former violence.

"I don't rightly know how it happened," she replied.

"I can quite believe that," said the rector. "For my part, I wonder you kept your senses. Had you lost them but for an instant, this poor girl would have perished. You saved her life, my dear Mrs. Tyndall, and at great risk, though your generous heart may not have been aware of it, and by that act you have made Charles Glyddon your debtor forever!"

At such a moment he could make no secret of his love for Jenny; and having thus disclosed it, and being now at the cottage door, he gratified an impulse that had all along been gradually overpowering him, to press his lips to the cold unconscious cheek that lay so near his own. "I leave her to your tender care, dear Mrs. Tyndall, until I can fetch the doctor." And then there was the sudden awakening of old Jacob, who, dazed though he was by the astounding spectacle of his daughter's condition, was moved by native instinct to do the best thing that could be done—namely, to administer a glass of brandy; and with Helen's help and that of the servant, Jenny was rubbed and dried and put to bed in her own room; and there she lay, not fully conscious, but slowly coming to herself; and Helen sat by the bedside.

From time to time old Jacob would hobble in (for the mother of wine had borne gout to him) to see how Jenny was going on, and to reiterate his thanks to Mrs. Tyndall, for, from something the rector had said, he understood that it was to her he owed his daughter's life; and these inroads were welcome to Helen. She listened with seeming interest to the old man's praises of his darling, for, next to himself, Jenny had always been most dear to him—dearer even than his sherry—how she was as good as she was beautiful, and how she had refused a lord, because she would not leave her poor old father (he had got to believe this after dinner, though, of a morning, the affair in question did not appear to him as having been quite so ripe); and—would she believe it?—though Jenny was so wise and learned, as doubtless she had heard, she suited his little household to perfection, and could cook a cutlet, with just the right taste of tomato about it, fit for a queen. It was better to hear all this rubbish than to find herself alone with Jenny when she should begin to recall what had happened, and to speak about it. She had a suspicion, however, that Jenny had by this time come to herself, and of design kept silence. Perhaps she was waiting for a fit audience in order to proclaim her as her would-be murderer. What was to be must be. She would prefer even that line of conduct to the assurance of any patronizing protection from Jenny's lips, and, above all things, of being pardoned for her husband's sake. Still, when voices were heard in the garden announcing Mr. Glyddon's return with the doctor, a shudder ran through her frame. It really lay within the power of this hateful girl to disgrace and destroy her, if it pleased her so to do; she hardly knew whether she should hate her most for showing malice or generosity.

The doctor came—the rector and old Jacob with him—and bent down over the patient. As Helen had surmised, the former had long ago come to herself, and was quite prepared for his questions, which she answered in low but distinct tones.

"Come, this is much better than we could possibly have expected," said he.—"Mrs. Tyndall, you must have taken excellent care of this young lady?"

"There was but little that could be done," said Helen, her eyes turned full upon the questioner, her ears waiting anxiously for the first words from Jenny's lips.

"There was a great deal to be done upon the lasher bridge," broke in the rector, enthusiastically, "and but for Mrs. Tyndall—"

"Yes," interposed Jenny's quiet voice, "it was Mrs. Tyndall who saved me. She snatched at my hair when I slipped in, and was being carried beneath the plank, and never loosed her hold till I was safe."

A burning blush overspread Helen's face, and for the first time she looked toward Jenny. But Jenny's eyes had already closed again, perhaps to avoid having to reply to her glance.

"She is still faint and weak," said the doctor; "that is only to be expected: we ought to be thankful indeed that things are no worse.—How did the thing happen, Mrs. Tyndall?"

Before Helen could answer, the low, soft voice from the pillow was heard again.

"It was the work of a moment, doctor; I was showing Mrs. Tyndall the lasher, and we very foolishly ventured upon the plank, which the fog had rendered more slippery even than usual, and I fell in.—I hope, father, that you have thanked Mr. Glyddon, for it was he who—"

"Nay, nay," said the rector, while his eyes notwithstanding greedily pastured upon her grateful smile: "it is to Mrs. Tyndall you owe all your thanks: I did but give my mite of help at last, though Heaven knows how gladly!"

His fervor brought a tinge of color into Jenny's cheek; she was shocked to see that her mischance, or the part he had taken in it, had excited in him anew a hope that she felt was as far from being realized as ever. Helen saw the blush, but put a different construction on it. Perhaps this girl had some regard for the rector after all, which her gratitude might warm into love. She had been really touched by the girl's generous conduct, which had certainly been exhibited without a trace of triumph over her; but *now* she began to thaw toward her to a degree that a minute since she could not have credited. For if Jenny became Mrs. Glyddon, she would no more be a source of apprehension; she would no longer molest her husband. If Jenny and she had been alone together now, she would even have expressed her repentance for the passionate act she had committed, and her sense of the kindness which Jenny had shown in concealing it. But this was not to be.

There are hasty footsteps in the garden, an importunate knocking, and then who should present himself in Jenny's chamber but Arthur himself! Panting and eager-eyed, like one who has been running fast to hear great news, he stood irresolute at the open door.

"Come in, Mr. Tyndall," said the doctor, laughing: "this is the reception-room to-night, and we have cause for congratulation that it will not be used by the coroner and his twelve jurymen. There, you can shake hands with the patient, if you like, and wish her joy at her escape."

Jenny blushed like a peony, as she held out her hand, and Arthur uttered a few cordial but commonplace words. "I only just heard of your accident," added he, "and ran down at once, in hopes"—here his eye for the first time lit upon Helen, who had been partially concealed by the bed-curtain—"in hopes to be of any good. But I see you have plenty of good friends about you;" and he cast a glance of genuine gratitude and affection at his wife.—"I did not know *you* were here, Helen."

He thought she had hurried down from the Hall, like himself, at the news of the catastrophe, and with the same object.

"If Mrs. Tyndall had *not* been here," observed Mr. Glyddon, earnestly, "and that before any one of us, you would never have seen Alice Renn alive! It was your wife who saved her life at the lasher."

"My *dear* Helen!" ejaculated Arthur, as he came round eagerly toward her, "how good and—"

"Hush!" said she, interrupting him, coldly, and turning away to Jenny; "you are not fit to be in a sick-room.—Your patient should be kept calm and quiet—should she not, doctor?"

"Oh, Miss Jenny will do very well now," returned the doctor, cheerfully. "I think we ought to attend to *you*, rather. You look very pale and tired, Mrs. Tyndall, as well you may, after your noble exertions. If you will follow my advice, you will just swallow a glass of wine, and then go home."

Mrs. Tyndall was very pale, but not tired, or at least she was far too excited to feel so. How infamous it was of Arthur to run down to the lock, just because he had heard that this girl had got a wetting, and to force himself into her very room! It was very well for her father, and the doctor, and even the rector; but for a married man, who had no sort of business there, it was a most abominable proceeding! As for his thanks to her—the tribute she knew he had been about to pay to her for her supposed generosity toward her rival—it was an insult! He would have been glad if things had happened as he thought they had, no doubt; it would have been very pleasant to him to imagine that Jenny and she were friends, and that he had her leave and license for the future to speak with this girl whenever he met her, and carry on his flirtations under her very eyes! She hated Jenny worse, and was more angry with her husband than ever; she almost regretted that she had been in such a hurry to undo the work of her own hands—to bring back this girl to life—when already half-way to the other shore—only to become, perhaps, a greater curse and trouble to her even than before.

"Come, Helen dear; you hear what the doctor says," pleaded Arthur, guessing some of the thoughts that agitated his wife, but feeling very grateful to her, and most anxious to please: "let us go home together at once. You have behaved like a heroine, Glyddon tells me, but you can be of no further use here now."

Even that annoyed her, and increased her bitterness against him. Having heard that she had saved this woman's life at the risk of her own, he was still considering, forsooth, whether she could be of further "use" to her!

"I think *you* had better go home," said she, in cold, low tones; "men are always in the way when there is illness. Besides, you have left Mr. Allardyce alone."

"Mr. Allardyce!" repeated Arthur, contemptuously.

Helen laughed a little harsh laugh, which she knew to be her husband's especial abhorrence.

"Of course Mr. Allardyce is nothing to you nor any body else, in comparison with this catastrophe," whispered she, mockingly. "Still, I think you may leave the interesting patient, now, with confidence; unless, that is," she added, sinking her voice still lower, "your conscience tells you that she deserves poison at my hands!"

When husband and wife whisper together in company, it is generally understood that they are not exchanging compliments; but, on the present occasion, no person in the room had an idea that they were disputing upon any more serious subject than whether Mrs. Tyndall should leave her charge immediately or not.

"My conscience reproaches me with nothing, Helen, as respects that girl—that is, as far as you are concerned," returned Arthur, solemnly.

If he had confessed his guilt, she could not have felt more outraged than at this reference to his old attachment for Jenny. If she had had any hesitation about refusing to go home with him, she felt none now: she would not have taken his arm and walked with him alone just then for any bribe. Again came that bitter feminine laugh, which is to a real laugh what a sneer is to a smile.

"Your concern for *me* in the matter is very great, no doubt; but I don't wish to talk of that: whether you go or stay, I shall remain here."

"If you will, you will," said Arthur, with a sigh. Then speaking aloud, he added, "I will send your maid with some extra wraps in half an hour, Helen."

She made no answer, but, as he wished the patient good-night, fixed her eyes steadily on him—a proceeding which she well knew would embarrass him exceedingly, upon Jenny's account, and which did not fail of its intent. Within five minutes of his departure she rose herself to go.

"But your wraps are not come, Mrs. Tyndall," said Jenny, really solicitous for the other's health; "and the fog is as bad as ever. If you would not mind using some of mine—" added she, timidly.

"I shall do very well, thank you," answered Helen, coldly. "I shall walk fast home."

"But not alone," interposed Mr. Glyddon. "You must allow me, my dear Mrs. Tyndall, to be your escort." The rector and Helen accordingly started together.

"I am glad to have this chance, Mrs. Tyndall," said the former, as soon as they were alone, "of once more thanking you for to-day's good deed. You already know my secret with respect to Alice."

"Yes," said Helen, stopping for an instant, with a fierce expression on her face; "but you don't know mine."

"Yours? Oh yes; I remember to what you allude," said Mr. Glyddon, greatly embarrassed. "It was a most unfortunate incident to have happened on the very day of your return; but as I told you then, that affair between Alice and your husband has been over long ago."

"You think so," said Helen, bitterly.

"I am sure of it, Mrs. Tyndall. And as to any thing being between them *now*, if that is what you mean, I am shocked and astonished at your hinting at such a thing. You ought to know your husband better; and as for Alice, I will answer for her—"

"No doubt you will," interrupted Helen, grimly: "she is an angel. Well, she has been very nearly going to her own place (I mean heaven, of course) this afternoon, you know."

"My dear Mrs. Tyndall, I entreat you not to talk in this way. Do not jest at what should be a source of thankfulness and—"

"Not to *me*," interrupted Helen, vehemently. "I tell you plainly, not to me. Your Alice is an artful, deep, designing girl."

"Oh *no*, oh *no!*" pleaded the rector, vehemently. "I could not bear to listen to such words—such false and slanderous words—but that I know you speak in passion, under the excitement of a woman jealous without cause."

"Without cause!" repeated Helen, bitterly.

"Yes, wholly without cause. Alice Renn is incapable of an immodest thought, even if Arthur (which I do not believe) should be so base as to put temptation in her way. You wrong them both, madam."

"Your credulity, Mr. Glyddon, may arise from your own exceptional purity and goodness, but it proclaims you to be a fool."

"Call me what you please, madam," said the rector, turning very red nevertheless. "I would rather be overcredulous than without common charity and—and—decent feeling. You have made me angry, I confess, but not upon my own account. Your suggestions concerning Alice Renn, I repeat, are false and infamous; nor could I have listened to them, but for the reflection that she who uttered them had, but an hour or two since, preserved her life."

A shrill laugh broke upon the misty air, as though an evil spirit was making merry near them.

"You are quite wrong there again, for it was I who pushed her in!"

"You pushed Alice into the river? You?"

"Yes, I did. You take your arm at once from mine, of course. You loathe to touch me now. I expected that. You may tell all the world, for what I care, and cause them to shrink from me likewise. Any thing is better than to suffer the protection and patronage that I have endured this evening; any thing is better than to owe my safety to the generosity of such a jade as that. Not that she would have held her tongue for long. *I* know her. Here and there, first to one, and then to another, she would have whispered: 'Now, would you believe it—that woman pushed me in, before she saved me, and yet I never said a word to harm her? I said, I *slipped!*' Well, she shall not do that. When she comes to tell you her pretty story—how well she has behaved, and what a wicked wretch I was—it will now miss fire."

She had spoken with such vehemence and passion that it was impossible to interrupt her for an instant. But here she paused, not for want of words, but breath.

"I can not believe my ears," gasped Mr. Glyddon. "I hope, I pray, that what you have said, Mrs. Tyndall, has been spoken in sheer frenzy. Are you aware that, if it be true, you have attempted to commit murder?"

"I wish I had *done* it! Listen to that, and doubt your ears if you can. You will believe it, however, rather than what I told you before, that your Alice is a Wanton. And yet the one is as true as the other. Here is the house that is called my home—my *home!* You will not cross its threshold, perhaps, after this disclosure. Good! Go back to this girl, then, and tell her that you know all, and that she need tell no more lies on my account. Good-night."

She had gone in and the door had closed upon her ere he could frame a sentence. The rector's whole theory of life had broken down under this tremendous revelation. His profession had given him a painful experience of humanity: he had seen oftentimes, despite the Psalmist's testimony to the contrary, the seed of the righteous begging their bread; the diligent man unable to procure work; the religious man haunted in death by ghostly terrors; the infidel dying at ease. But here there was a greater anomaly than all. He had not been unacquainted with persons who had repented to him, as a priest, of hidden crimes of various kinds; but here was one convicted by her own lips of the worst of crimes; and not only unrepentant, but exulting in it, and only regretting that its consequences had not been so fatal as she had intended it to be. And *what* a criminal! An educated woman, so newly married that she might almost be still termed a bride, the wife of the squire of the parish (it did not strike him that this was a bathos)—had any man ever heard the like! He could hardly believe her words, even yet, but he did believe them. Kind, right-thinking Mrs. Tyndall—his right hand in the parish, and always ready with her purse for his poor people, and with such good views, too, upon church matters—had been in her heart—nay, was so still, since she had not repented of it—a murderess! True, she had done her best to repair her evil act, and, thanks be to Heaven—for *her* sake, even more than for that of her victim, dear as she was to him—had succeeded. The good rector put that fact foremost in his mind, and kept it there. As to revealing what Helen had told him to Alice or any one else, he never dreamed of it. Her dark and terrible secret was as safe, so far as *he* was concerned, as though it had been intrusted to him under the seal of confession. But would she be mad enough to tell it to others? *That*—for he had no further apprehension upon Jenny's account; he felt that Helen had spent her wrath and hate—was now his only fear.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FELLOW who has actually tried it says that, although there are three scruples in a dram, the more drams you take the less scruples you will have.

A youthful lover who sang and played before his young lady's house for two mortal hours Friday night was electrified after a short pause by a cordial "thank you" gracefully pronounced by the "other feller," who appeared at the window.

Why is a moth fluttering round a candle like a man getting off a horse?—Because they are both going to alight.

When a man has tried every thing and found it will not answer, let him go where there is an echo and try that.

"Do you keep matches?" asked a wag of a country grocer. "Oh yes, all kinds," was the reply. "Well, I'll take a trotting match," said the wag.

A SOAR PLACE—Up in the clouds.

A short-cut to the heart is frequently through the stomach.

An indignant witness exclaimed, "The first time that I ever did such a dishonorable act I would blow out my brains, Sir." "Very good," said the examining counsel; "and what would you do the second time?"

Paragraphers have resuscitated the old joke that if you whale a boy you'll find him full of blubber. The remark holds true only when you make the boy wail.

A GREAT COMPOSER—Sleep.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on?—Self-conceit.

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office was a house of correction.

A little girl of eight or ten summers being asked what dust was, replied that "it was mud with the juice squeezed out."

"I want to know," said a creditor, fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?" "When I'm going to pay you? Why, you're a pretty fellow! Do you take me for a prophet?"

RELATIVE BEAUTY—A pretty cousin.

A MORNING WRAPPER—The servant who knocks at your door to wake you up in time for the early train.

Josh Billings says: "We read that Esaw sold hiz birthrite for soup, and many wondered at his extravagance. But Esaw discovered early, what many a man has discovered since, that it is hard to live on a pedigree."

An old farmer said of his clergyman, whose sermon lacked point, "Ah, yes, he's a good man, but he *will* rake with the teeth upward."

A dying Irishman, asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works, replied, "Don't ask me that; I'm going to a strange country, and I don't intend to make myself enemies."

A miser is far more for-getting than for-giving.

COURTING AFTER MARRIAGE—Applying for a divorce.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there's a good eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

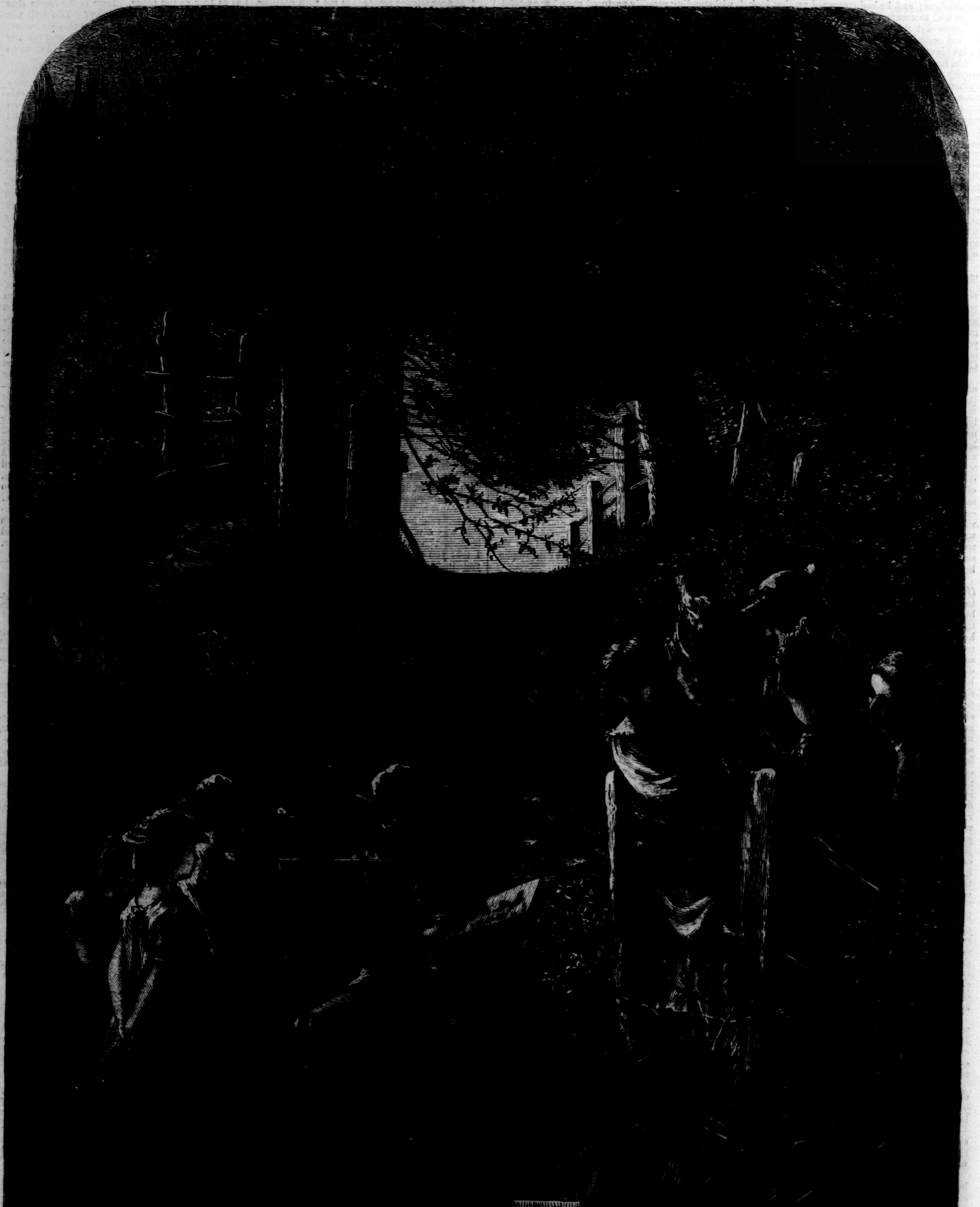
Why is a man's life safest in the last stages of dyspepsia?—Because he can't di-gest then.

An Indianian asked the clerk of a court whether he couldn't reduce the rates if half a dozen fellows clubbed together to take out marriage-licenses.

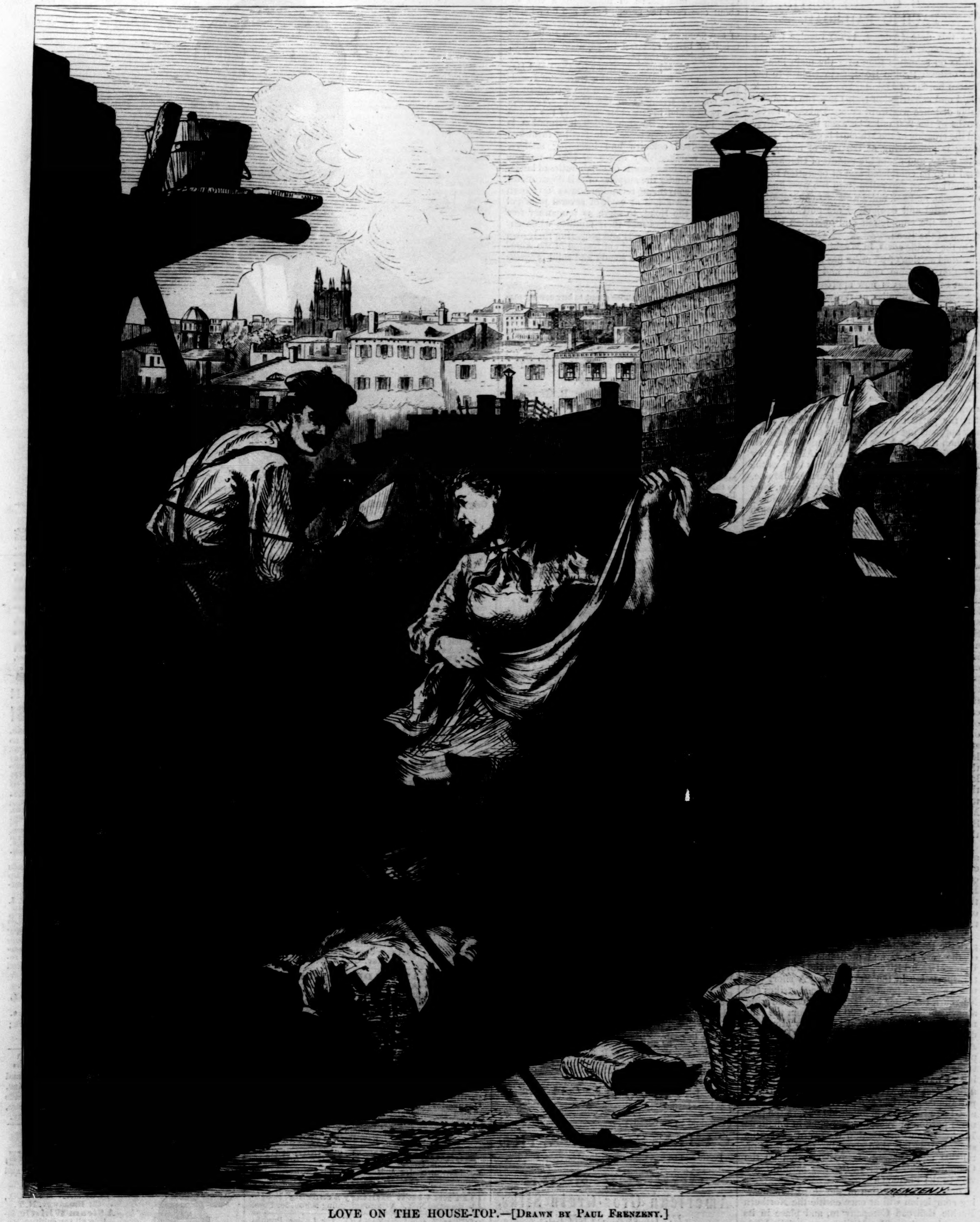
A PRICKLY PAIR—Two porcupines.

Time is money, except the time of need.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM CHARACTER—Get rich.



THE ARTIST IN THE COUNTRY.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 661.]



LOVE ON THE HOUSE-TOP.—[Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.]

LOVE ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

We're up in the world, Biddy darlint,
Very few can aspire so high,
Wid only the chimneys around us—
The chimneys, yoursel' dear, and I.

Now list to a lover's appealing,
And drop for a minute that shirt;
It's mesel' that is loving ye dearly—
Now wud ye me tinder heart hurt?

REPLY.

Och, Pat, wid the trowel yer houlding
Ye've dug a way into me heart;
But min are so fickle—I'm wondering
How soon ere ye'll rind it apart!
Well, far above earth and its follies,
Wid only the chimneys around,
If I'll take ye for better or worser,
Will ye kape me all safe *above-ground?*

THE ARTIST IN THE COUNTRY.

In the exquisite sketch on the preceding page Mr. Paul Frenzeny represents one of the half-pleasant incidents which artists frequently encounter while pursuing their studies in the country. Here the artist has selected a cool, quiet dell, overshadowed by broad-branching trees, to make a sketch for *Harper's Weekly*. Some little urchin has discovered him at his work, and imparted the news to all the boys and girls within call, who flock about him with the eager curiosity which the inhabitants of a new island might display on the arrival of the first white stranger from civilized life. They peer over his shoulder to see trees and rocks growing under his hand, and watch with wondering delight the progress of his work. We can imagine them whispering eagerly to each other their astonishment as they recognize one object after another transferred by magic touches to the sketching block. The artist is evidently used to this rural curiosity, and although he would rather have the dell to himself, he draws on, apparently unconscious of the presence of his admiring watchers.

Artists often meet with amusing incidents on their sketching tours in the country. One who is connected with the *Weekly* was once sketching in a remote rural district, and discovered, on wishing to make an alteration in his drawing, that he had forgotten his India rubber. Making his way across lots to a farm-house, he modestly asked for a piece of stale bread, which answers the same purpose. The day was excessively hot, and the artist looked a little fagged. The good-man of the house, overhearing the request, and thinking the man was hungry, whispered to his wife, loud enough to be heard by the amused artist, "Give the poor fellow a big slice of *fresh* bread, and put plenty of butter on it!" An explanation, a hearty laugh all round, and an invitation to dinner, were the pleasant results of the hospitable old farmer's mistake. Of course the stale bread was immediately forthcoming.

PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

At this date (August, 1872) regular freight and passenger trains have been running for six months on schedule time over the main line of the Northern Pacific Road, from Duluth to the Eastern border of Dakota, 252 miles; the track is laid and construction trains now run a considerable distance westward across Dakota; three-fourths of the 200 miles between the Red River and the crossing of the Missouri is graded; track-laying is progressing at the rate of nearly two miles a day, and about the middle of October the Road is to be completed and in operation to the Missouri River, 200 miles from the west line of Minnesota, and 452 miles west of Lake Superior. All material and equipment are purchased and ready for the completion and operation of this section of the Road.

On the Pacific coast, in Washington Territory, a finished section of 25 miles has been in regular operation for some months, and an additional extent of 40 miles is now approaching completion—making 65 miles at the western end that will be in running order the present season. This will give a total of 517 miles of Road put in operation in a little more than twenty-four months from the date of beginning work, notwithstanding the necessary delays of the first year attendant upon the prosecution of thorough preliminary surveys and the selection of the best line through a densely wooded region.

A better idea of the real magnitude of the work accomplished will be conveyed by stating that the portion of the Northern Pacific Road now approaching completion is considerably longer than the New York Central Railroad and its connecting lines, extending from Albany, New York, to Cleveland, Ohio; nearly as long as the combined roads reaching from Portland, Maine, through Boston, Providence, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, to Washington; and almost one and a half times the length of an air-line from London to Glasgow.

Surveys.—In addition to this actual construction, the work of surveying and locating the entire line across the continent has been pushed with system and vigor, summer and winter; careful engineering, and the selection of the best of several possible lines, have in many instances reduced the cost of construction considerably below the original estimates. Continuous surveys and examinations have been made from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, with the exception of a short section on the Yellowstone River, which is now being surveyed. The results of two years' careful examinations more than justify the Company's expectations and statements regarding the favorable character of the Valley Route to the Pacific—both in respect to ease of railroad construction and operation and the good quality of the country traversed by the line. Exclusive of the sections already completed or under construction, there are 836 miles now being finally located and prepared for contract. This includes the section of 226 miles extending along the valleys of Heart River and Glendive's Creek, from the crossing of the Missouri in Central Dakota, to the crossing of the Yellowstone in Eastern Montana, and the section between the mouth of Snake River and Lake Pend d'Oreille, west of the Rocky Mountains.

Traffic.—The section of road now in operation across Minnesota already enjoys a very considerable local traffic, including the carrying trade of the British settlements in Manitoba, and of the Hudson's Bay Company. Three steamboats, for the accommodation of this latter business, ply on the Red River of the North, between the railroad crossing and Winnipeg, in British Columbia.

The completion of this season's contracts will give the Road immediate and permanent control of the very large and profitable traffic of the Upper Missouri River, including the Government transportation in the Northwest. A short distance above the point where the Road strikes the Missouri, the latter bends to the West, carrying a navigable water-way 1000 miles, from the railroad crossing to the foot of the Rocky Mountain divide, at Fort Benton, in Western Montana. As many as thirty-three steamers have been employed in a single season to accommodate the trade of these upper waters. Thus, on the opening of navigation next Spring, there will be a direct East and West line for travel and transportation—part river and part rail—from St. Paul and Lake Superior, in longitude 92°, to the populous portion of Western Montana, in longitude 110°. From Fort Benton westward across the summit, it is less than 400 miles to the head of reliable and constant steam navigation on the Columbia, which river carries this natural highway to the Pacific Ocean.

Lands.—The portion of the Road now nearing completion will at once entitle the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to, and place in its possession, about Ten Million acres of the lands granted by the Government—an area exactly twice the size of Massachusetts. These lands are adjacent to either side of the track in Central Minnesota, Eastern Dakota, and Western Washington. They are mainly prairie farming lands, of excellent average quality, the remainder being covered with valuable forests of timber. They lie directly in the path of immigration and settlement, have a sufficient rain-fall, a climate of unsurpassed healthfulness, and, in the main, a singularly productive soil. Before advertising its lands, the Company had already received applications, chiefly from actual settlers, for nearly a quarter of a million acres.

The Land Department of the Company is fully organized and in active operation. Nearly two million acres of the Company's lands, partly in Minnesota and partly in Washington Territory, have been surveyed, examined, plotted, appraised, and placed in market, at a cost of about one cent per acre. Sales are now being made, and the seven-thirty first-mortgage bonds of the Company have already begun to be canceled by being received in payment for lands, at a premium of ten per cent.

Settlement.—In connection with the Land Department has been organized a Bureau of Immigration, to promote and hasten the settlement of the country tributary to the Road. Agencies are established in the older States of the Union and in Europe, through which information is diffused and every reasonable facility furnished to organized colonies and intending settlers, equally whether they desire to locate on free Government homesteads or obtain railroad lands, or both. Under the auspices of this department, large and convenient reception houses have been built and furnished at each of several principal points on the Road, to serve as temporary free homes for settlers and their families while engaged in selecting lands and preparing their own houses. Settlement and cultivation of the country keep pace with the steady and solid progress of the Road.

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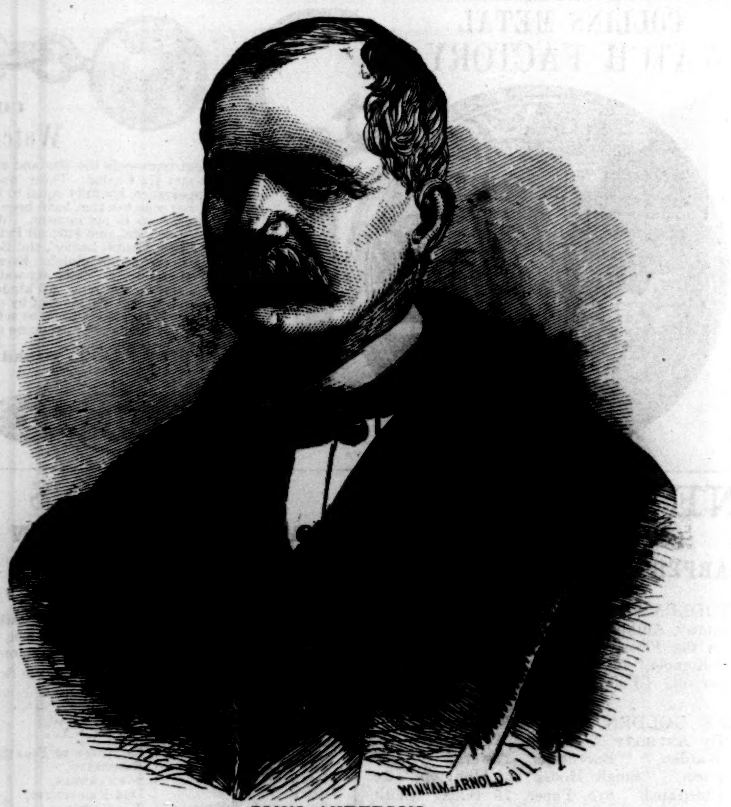

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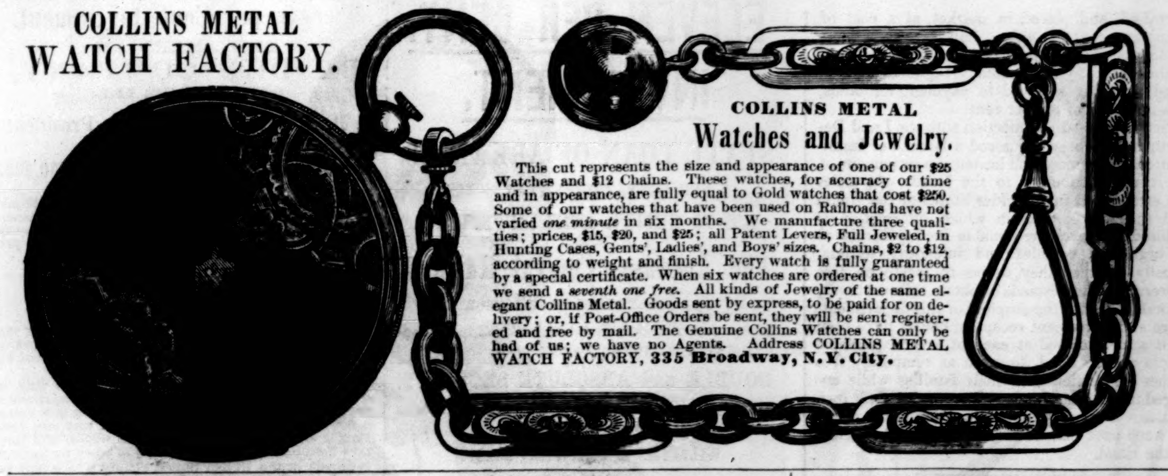

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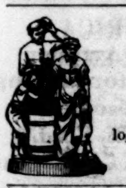

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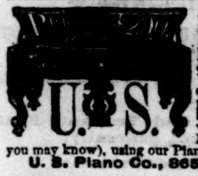

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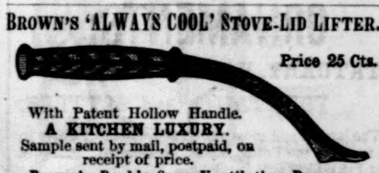

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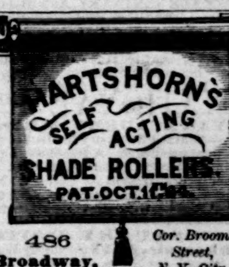

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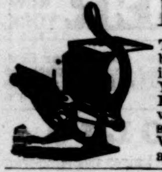

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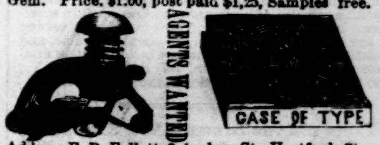

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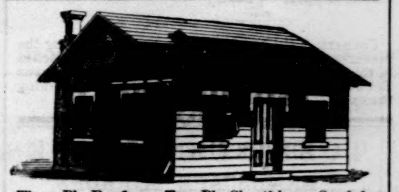

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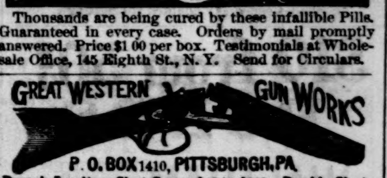
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